WEEK ENDING APRIL 4 1925

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

JOSEPH FARRELLY

In this Issue:

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE? *By Fannie Hurst*

None Can Copy Its Chief Value

The Chassis is Patented

Essex is a totally different type. It gives results no other car ever gave.

ESSEX COACH

$895

Freight and Tax Extra

Low price, without disappointment in looks or reliability.

Economy without sacrifice of performance.

Stability and highest roadability without unnecessary weight.

The riding ease of large, costly cars. The handling ease of a bicycle. Utter simplicity in design.

The lowest maintenance cost, we believe, of any car in the world.

Two of every three Essex buyers come to it from those who formerly owned cars bought chiefly for their low first price.

Just as the Coach body and the Coach name have been extensively copied, even by costliest cars, so must future mechanical design seek to approximate the results Essex gives.

But the patents which make the Super-Six the most enduring, smoothest motor and give it all advantages, also prevent any from copying its chassis.

Surely you cannot be satisfied with less than Essex offers. Its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

An advertisement on a delicate subject

—but it should be read by every thinking woman

MOST women possess a natural delicacy about the discussion of certain phases of health and hygiene that are peculiarly feminine problems. Perhaps they have heard physicians refer to personal hygiene for women as a healthful and necessary practice. And probably they have heard the same physicians deplore the use of poisonous compounds for this purpose. All this may have led to a certain confusion in the minds of many who would welcome a frank statement of facts on the subject.

How science has solved woman's problem

Bichloride of mercury is a dangerous poison. Carbolic acid is a dangerous poison. Yet for years women have been forced to depend for germicidal purposes upon compounds containing powerful poisons such as these. But now science *has* produced an antiseptic-germicide which possesses great germ-killing power and is at the same time *absolutely non-poisonous* and safe to use.

This great antiseptic is Zonite, and it has already proved a blessing in thousands of homes. The tragedy of accidental poisoning will never darken the doors of the home where Zonite is used. For Zonite is safe.

Use Zonite and avoid risk of poisoning

Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and it is *more than forty times* as strong germicidally as peroxide of hydrogen.

No wonder Zonite has been received with satisfaction by members of the medical profession. For Zonite, notwithstanding its great germicidal strength, is, in its many uses, absolutely harmless to delicate membranes and tissues. In fact, so beneficial is its action that dental authorities are using and recommending Zonite as a mouthwash.

The Women's Division has now prepared a booklet

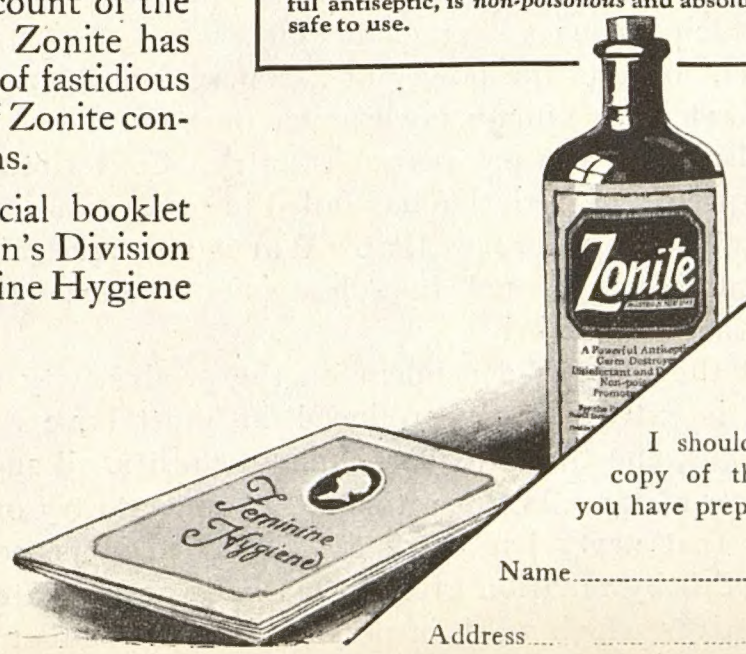
Space here is of course too limited to give a complete account of the important changes that Zonite has brought into the lives of fastidious women. Every bottle of Zonite contains complete directions.

Also, there is the special booklet prepared by the Women's Division on the subject of Feminine Hygiene and covering other affairs of the toilette as well. Its scientific, impersonal treatment of the matter commends it to thinking people. It is frank and thorough. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want a copy for herself or her friends. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. A copy will be mailed in dainty "social correspondence" envelope if you will fill in the coupon below.

Zonite Products Company
Postum Bldg., 250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.
In Canada, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs.
That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.
For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.
For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.
For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.
For use as a deodorant.
Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.



Women's Division

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.
Postum Building
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New York, N. Y.

I should like to have a free copy of the illustrated booklet you have prepared. (V-7)

Name.....

Address.....

In bottles, 50c and $1 at drug stores
Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

Zonite

APRIL 4, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 1 No. 48

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

PATENT WAR MEDICINE

As a people we are eager for phrases. We like theories. We believe in a good greater than has yet been realized. We like machinery. We know that there is something better this year than last year's machinery.

Conscription of capital in war is a good phrase. In a big war men must be conscripted. Is capital to be immune from national necessity when men are taken? No; and that is a good theory. If the life of the poor man is to be conscripted, at least the wealth of the rich man shall be. We have an idea of justice and this seems to be only justice.

Justice, maybe, but not common sense.

If war is a science it is so because it is conducted upon exact ideas of raw human nature. No good general thinks he has heroes under him. He knows he has human beings. An army is not organized upon extravagant ideas of human virtue but upon very practical, even pessimistic, conceptions of human conduct.

That is the basis of the conscription of men. It is one of the oldest things in the world. When you speak of conscription of capital in war you depart from this practical conception of human behavior.

There is agricultural capital. Say there are 6,000,000 land-owning farmers. They have capital. It is land, corn, pigs, sheep, milch cows, and other grains and stock. War makes a new demand on or a new market for grain and bacon. Can you conscript the farmer and his son as you can conscript the city clerk?

Can you get more wheat, more corn, and more pork as needed by putting an agricultural draft board at work in a county? Can such a board increase wheat acreage as the inducement of $2.50 or $3 wheat would?

If it cannot work with the basic industry can it work with anything else now dependent on the widest play of native human forces? You can conscript a coal mine, a railroad, or a steel mill, but with the physical property in your hand you cannot conscript the ambition and energy of the men to operate. You can only conscript obedience to another will, which will do in the uniformed ranks but not in the need of an excess production.

Even if the direct service of supplies can be taken over by the government that is a simple thing to the proposed conscription of capital, which means a war clamp on every activity of man, an engagement beyond the power of a supergovernment in peace and undertaken by a human government in war.

An army needs behind it a prosperous country. Conscription of individual enterprise and initiative has failed in peace time. It has been destructive. Russia proves that. War is an overstrain. If a thing cannot succeed in normal times, how may it be expected to succeed under the overstrain?

The soldier at the front is dependent on the productivity at home. Even if it is extravagantly produced, he must have the product—boots, shells, anesthetics, rifles, cannon, clothes, all supplies, and with never a stop. Is this a time of all times to try out a Marxian theory that never has worked when tried in peace?

Get at the wealth by taxation after it has been accumulated under ordinary motives which work in peace. Give the soldier a peace-time compensation which this wealth can stand. But do not give a country in war a disorganization it could not stand in peace.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Does Your Job Fit You?

WILLIAM S. FORMAN
Author of
F. O. B. the Bahamas

WHEN Emile Coue, the great French authority on auto-suggestion, last visited this country he was put through a series of tests by a man who measures people for jobs. This M. Coue declared to have been "the most extraordinary of his American experiences." In next week's Liberty *Charles A. Fell* will narrate the little-known story of the man who astonished M. Coue—how, by the application of vocational psychology, he is putting science to the task of determining exactly the sort of work for which folk are fitted. It is a fascinating excursion into the mysteries of what your face and mind will tell to one who knows how to probe their secrets.

Where Do We Stand in the Air? is asked and answered in the coming issue by *Theodore Roosevelt.* As former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Roosevelt knows whereof he speaks. As a fighter and the son of a fighting father, he states his beliefs explicitly and with the ring of authority. What he says does not agree with everything that has been uttered in the current controversy over our air strength. It will give you a new insight into the tangled problem Washington has been arguing about.

A lively, humorous tale of the modern buccaneer awaits you in *F. O. B. the Bahamas,* a whimsical short story of the rum fleets, by *William S. Forman;* there's an exciting golf yarn by *William Slavens McNutt* called *It's a Great Game;* new chapters of *Frank L. Packard's* serial, *Broken Waters,* and the life of *John L. Sullivan* provide thrills of different kinds, and *D. W. Griffith* discusses the kind of a story to write for Liberty's great $50,000 movie contest.

April 4, 1925 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 48

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Which Would You

Rather Be?

By FANNIE HURST

Pictures by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

A Man or a Woman? A Discussion of the Old, Old Question of the Disadvantages Endured by the Female Sex, in Which Are Presented Some Views with Which You May Not Agree

For centuries man has had to suppress his instinct to mount a chair, or whatever corresponded to a chair.

THE FIRST woman on record ever to declare publicly that she would rather be a woman than a man was Xantippe — Mrs. Socrates.

And, well — it did not establish a precedent. Women went right on wishing they were men. There is something about emulating Xantippe that to the average woman is akin to wearing her back hair like Carrie Nation.

Xantippe may have been the more admirable, but the wistfulness of her sex inclines toward Cleopatra.

Of course, in the abstract, the question, Would you rather be a man or a woman? is on the same intellectual plane with the question, Would you rather be a swordfish or an aigrette?

People who go in for the query at all are pretty apt to be on a par with the genus homo who discusses:

I like green peas.

Oh, do you? I can't go them; give me lima beans every time!

Funny thing, I never have been able to eat lima beans. But set down a dish of good old corn before me and I——

Then, too, this same group of deep thinkers is likely to discuss, after Station JAZ has tuned out for the evening:

Dorothy? No, I don't care much for it. Too namby-pamby. I think Gloria is a beautiful name for a girl.

Trixie's a cute name. And Jeannette! Oh, I think Jeannette is a sweet name.

I hate my name—Beulah. If I had the naming of myself, I'd choose something with character, like Ernestine or——

And then! And how many of you—even the Babbitt-hatingest of you—have escaped this one?

Now, Frank, admit it. Haven't you ever—ever, just for half an hour, wished you were a woman?

With all due respect to your charming sex—never, for even half a half hour, have I wished I were a woman. Have you, my-dear-foolish-question-asking Edith, ever wished you were a man?

Yes! Often and often and often. I want to get out and do things—without having to explain. I want to jump on moving trolleys, and bait hooks with worms without feeling green, and hear what men have to say about women in their club-rooms.

Me, too, Edith. It's nice being your twin sister, but I'd rather be your twin brother; of course, I'd hate to be the father instead of the mother of my infant prodigy, but, all in all, I'd rather be a man!

And so! Look into your own experience and find if almost to the man the male does not throw his straw vote on his side of the fence. And the woman, too!

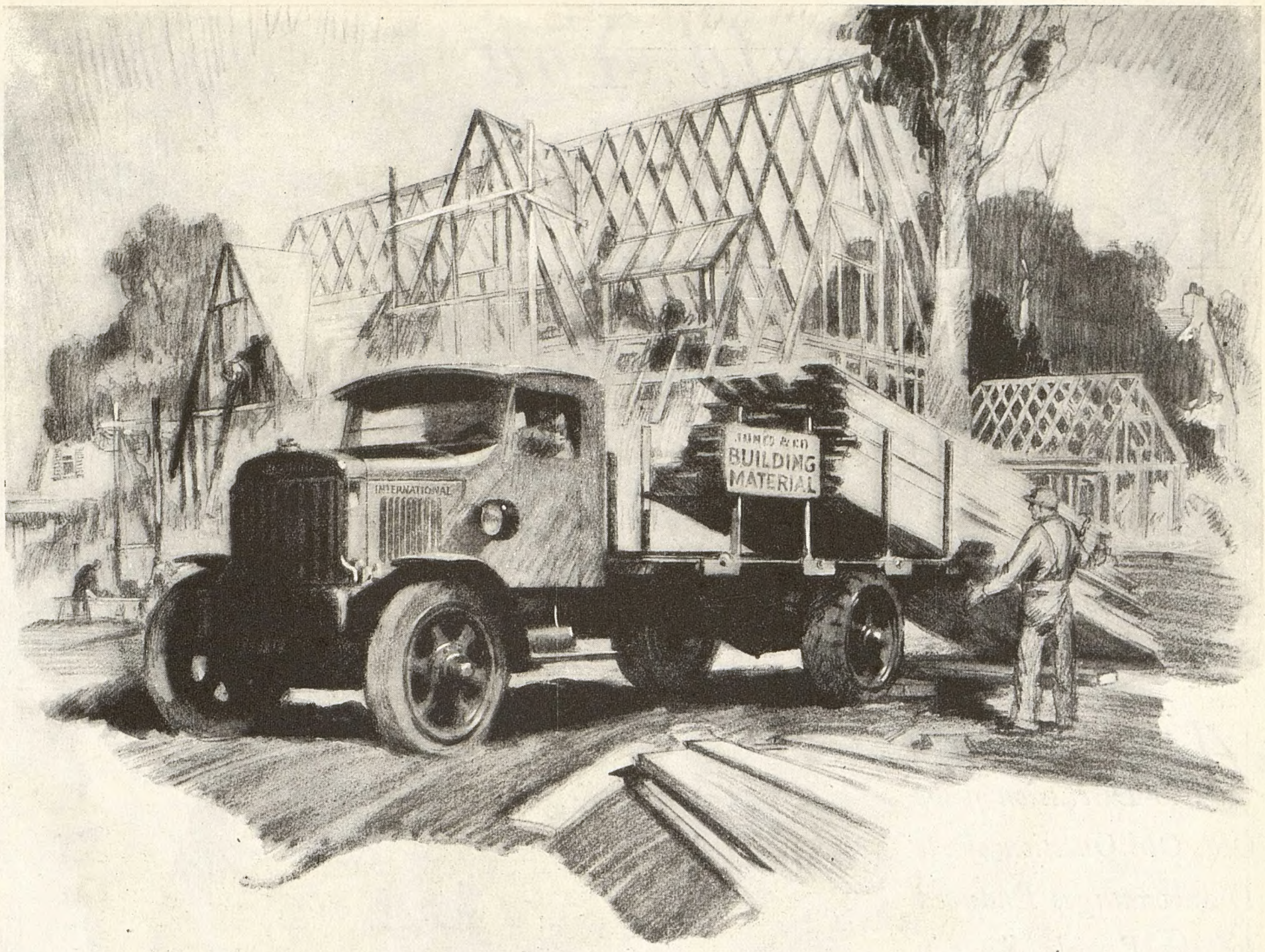
Ask ten men you meet in the routine of to-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN]

Three great factories are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of International Trucks. There are 105 direct company branches—the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world—located in the following cities:

Aberdeen, S. D.
Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
Amarillo, Tex.
Atlanta, Ga.
Auburn, N. Y.
Aurora, Ill.
Baltimore, Md.
Billings, Mont.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bismarck, N. D.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Charlotte, N. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
Houston, Tex.
Hutchinson, Kan.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jackson, Mich.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Kankakee, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Lincoln, Neb.
Little Rock, Ark.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Parsons, Kan.
Peoria, Ill.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Quincy, Ill.
Richmond, Ind.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Rockford, Ill.
Saginaw, Mich.
St. Cloud, Minn.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salina, Kan.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Francisco, Calif.
Sioux City, Iowa
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mo.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Winona, Minn.

In addition to these company branches more than 1500 dealers, in as many communities from one end of the country to the other, are ready to serve International owners.



The man who knows and the man who doesn't

IF YOU are an authority on motor trucks and have kept right up to the minute on the improvements in their construction, then the International Truck will appeal to you for a dozen very good reasons.

The removable cylinders, the life-guaranteed ball-bearing crankshaft, the steer-easy steering-gear, the auxiliary rear springs—these and many other International mechanical features will make it easy for you to understand why these trucks have earned their good reputation wherever trucks are known.

And if you know little or nothing about the mechanics of a motor truck it can be just as easy for you to understand the soundness of International construction when you realize that for twenty years International Trucks have been built out of an experience in manufacture and service that dates back almost a century. And you can make your truck purchase with just as much confidence as an expert.

International Heavy-Duty Trucks are built in chassis ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds maximum capacities. The Speed Truck is for loads up to 2000 pounds. Motor Coaches are supplied for every requirement. A list of company branches appears at the side. There are in addition 1500 dealers.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR LOW-COST HAULING

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

HARVESTER COMPANY

Neither does it take the girl-child of today long to realize that she is born into a universe that differs radically from the universe inhabited for thousands of years by her female ancestors.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

morrow's job whether they would rather be a man or a woman, and see if you don't poll about a one hundred per cent for the man's world.

And here is the rub! Ask ten women the same question, and the result is almost surely apt to be at least a two-thirds vote for the superiority of the male state.

However, that feminine state of mind is little more than a social inheritance.

For hundreds and hundreds of years women have been looking wistfully from behind the bars of sex restrictions out into a man's world of no restriction, until now it is almost second nature for a woman to cast her vote in favor of his world.

But meanwhile much water has flowed under the bridge of feminine sighs, and the woman who takes the time to cerebrate about it will discover that about the most stimulating experience going on in this old planet today is that of occupying it in the role of female of the species.

Being a man in the world today must be about as exciting as a walk down Main Street is for the oldest inhabitant.

It's the same old street, in the same old world that he has been lording it over for thousands of years.

Civilizations have changed, but man's psychology hasn't.

Tribe warriors, Greek senators, feudal lords, American capitalists all use up about the same kind of psychology.

Man's world psychology.

There is nothing very thrilling about being born a man child today. He can only be another President. Not the first woman President!

SAME old world. Same old right to smoke in Pullman smokers. Keep his boyish name after marriage. Vote. Be a motorman or a Governor.

There is nothing new under the sun about the business of being a man, except that he has never before lived in a State that was run by a woman Governor.

He cannot hope for the thrill of being told for the first time in the history of his sex to drop his ballot in the third box to his left.

How stale and how taken for granted is a man's trip to the smoking room on a Pullman.

Scientists declare that we are each born into a world of brand-new experiences and that we inherit preparedness for none of the things we are to experience on this earth.

Be that as it may, it does not take a man-child long to take for granted a man's world.

Neither does it take the girl-child of today long to realize that she is born into a universe that differs radically from the universe inhabited for thousands of years by her female ancestors.

The girl of today is born into a new, a pioneer world for women.

Rather be a woman or a man?

Why, compared to the excitement of being a woman in the world today, being a man is as flat a performance as yesterday's newspaper.

A woman's world is tomorrow's Extra!

Extra! South Dakota woman elected to the United States Senate.

Extra! Senator Alice Newcastle introduces bill for the abolition of the dime from our national currency.

Extra! Women vote down Conscription.

Extra! Woman engineer goes prospecting on skis.

Which of these items occurring in the male world is sufficiently exciting to be heralded in Extras? It is part of the routine of thousands of years. Men have been living those identical experiences in one century or another for twenty of them.

Compared to the baby sex, men are Methuselahs.

Women are just beginning to live.

Men are old hands at it.

Why, women are still experiencing the thrill of straightforwardness that goes with daring to call a limb a leg.

An enormous percentage of women today still say "When baby came."

We still hop off omnibuses backward and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

Men who "know it all"

are not invited to read this

THIS column is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment.

This is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary *to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business.* We would like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business" and it is sent without obligation.

A certain man is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

He sent for "Forging Ahead in Business"; without any great hope in its results, he enrolled in the Modern Business Course and Service. The first few months of his association with the Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into departments of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him.

He began quietly to make suggestions to the officials. They revised their estimate of his capacities; when the position of auditor became vacant, he was given his chance. And recently, on an important financial problem, he argued against the position of the company's own attorneys—basing his argument on principles which the Institute had taught—and by proving his point succeeded in saving the company $60,000.

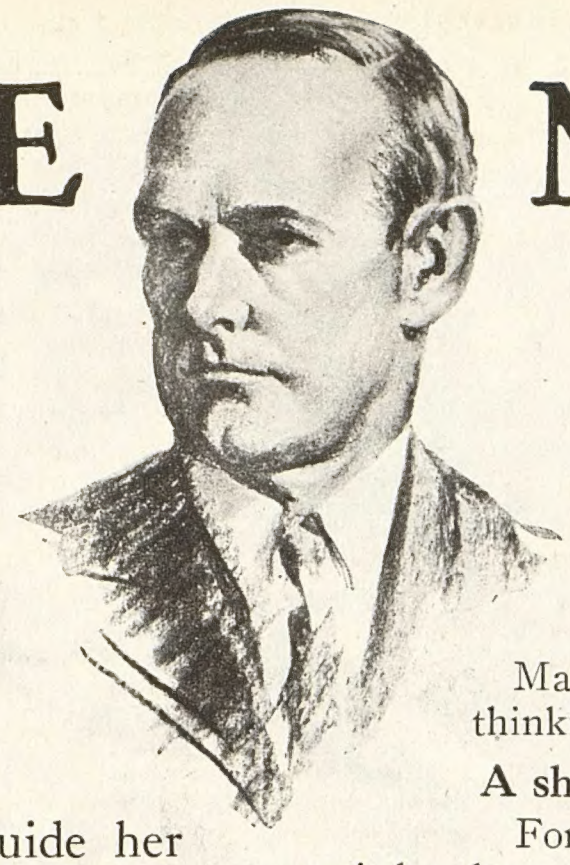
The self-confidence which the Institute gave him has transformed that man. He will be a vice-president of that great corporation; and at 31 he was condemned to be a bookkeeper for life.

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who *could double their incomes* in one year if they *believed* in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to *back up their belief.*

To such men the Institute offers "Forging Ahead in Business"—a book with power in every page, and which also describes clearly and interestingly what the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do for you. Thousands of successful men regard it as one of the most valuable little books they ever sent for. May we send it to you? The coupon is for your convenience.

TO THE MAN

who expects an addition to his family



THERE are a hundred books for your wife, sir; there are no books for you. Great authorities guide her along the heights of motherhood. For fatherhood there is little guidance; yet what responsibilities modern fatherhood involves!

We say *modern* fatherhood because the world is different. Time was when a new little life added no appreciable burden. Food was cheap; clothes were cheap; schools were cheap; help was cheap; and the older children looked after the younger.

We have left behind forever the world in which things were cheap.

What it costs

Twenty years ago it was estimated that the cost of raising a child to its sixteenth year was $2,500.

Today the cost is $5,000.

Twenty years ago the average cost of a college education for a boy or girl was $2,000.

Today the cost is $4,800.

The earning of money is not the sole, or even the principal obligation of fatherhood. But it is vital. You want this little boy or girl of yours to have as good a chance as you had—a better chance. You are thinking about that very much in these serious days.

May we contribute to your thinking?

A shorter path to the top

For more than sixteen years it has been the privilege of this Institution to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power, to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business. More than 250,000 men have profited by this training; some of them live near you.

Thru texts, lectures, problems, and personal advice the Institute gives its subscribers that broad knowledge of modern business principles which fit men for the high places—and the high rewards—of business. The Institute does not train men to be specialists. By giving a man a working knowledge of *every* department of business, the Institute fits him to direct the specialists in those departments to his profit.

Send for this book

Out of our experience we have prepared a book entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." We should like to send you this book—free by mail, and without obligation.

It is a cheerful, helpful book. It proves conclusively that a man's income can be increased by a definite addition to his business knowledge; and it points the way.

Your wife is reading the books of motherhood.

This book is a father's book. It answers the question, "How can I be sure of money enough for the fine, big things of life?" In the interest of this son or daughter for whom you hope so much, send for it *today.*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
304 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Signature.....
Please write plainly

Business Address.....

.....

Business Position.....

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

In Australia: 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney — *In Canada: C. P. R. Building, Toronto*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

shout "You-hooo!" instead of whistling it.

Do you men realize, those of you who laughed at her tears, the heroic kind of courage it took for Miss Jeannette Rankin to face the broadside of you?

Well, the composite photograph of you men, when that woman first took her seat among you, would have consisted of two rows of teeth, plentifully interspersed with the gold of American dentistry.

You were one solid mass of grin!

None too kindly grin.

There you were, smug in your old role of centuries.

Miss Rankin was experiencing a new emotional dimension.

That is another of the reasons why it is such a jolly business, that of being a woman today. The entire sex is being let in for a new emotional dimension.

And it *is* exciting. It takes nothing for granted. The woman who is a bank teller today is the first bank teller in the history of her family as far back as she can trace—and farther.

The woman judge who has rammed her way in is holding out tenaciously against your male instinct to oust her, and is having the time of her life.

There has always been mixed up in human thinking the dangerous, the insidious psychology that give a woman her rights and you rob her of her femininity.

Please note. Even the men have accepted the validity of the term RIGHTS!

But if the saying of it may be pardoned, femininity and assininity have attained some degree of confusion in the mental attitude of the male.

THE logic of the man who admires the "good old-fashioned woman" amounts to something like this:

Give a woman the right to vote and she will scratch her cigarette match on the seat of her skirt.

Let a woman earn her living, and it imperils her membership in the "Yes-Yes Club for the Perpetual Adoration of the Male."

Grant a woman her citizenship, and she'll hit her infant.

Once a woman begins to think, she becomes strong-minded.

Feminine economics are destructive to male gastronomics.

Those are a few of the inhibitions the woman who finds herself living in the exciting world of today goes about trying to break down.

Not even the reign of that big stick, the lipstick, has seemed to succeed in banishing the old, moth-eaten idea that all women who read the President's message or go to Washington to lobby for child-labor amendments wear their back hair in a pug and wave rolling pins.

Women are doing their part valiantly to banish it.

Perhaps too valiantly.

This lady-writer recently had occasion to meet the board of directors of a Cleveland bank across a banquet table.

The first bank in history of, for, and by women.

Not a woman present who did not give the impression of rolling her stockings and cigarettes. Chic French frocks, tantalizing French scents, boyish bobs, and concave silhouettes were sternly the order of the evening.

It was as if the matter had been settled between them at a secret conclave.

Reassure our guests, the men bankers!

Woman's National Bank may no longer reside in her silken stocking, but the silken stockings are with us still.

Prove to them that a woman may know the full detailed and fine nuances of a mortuary mortgage and still achieve a perfectly marcelled bob.

Rustle our silks at them, rustle our wiles at them, and woe to the woman of you, astigmatism or tomorrow's headache to the contrary notwithstanding, who dares to unsheath a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

WE'VE got to be fluffy. We've got to be fluffy. We've got to be fluffy or we become strong-minded!

Than which, be you a woman out *cap-a-pie* in the New Order of Things, there is no blacker indictment.

Strong-minded women burn steaks.

Strong-minded women don't tuck in blankets over babies' footsies.

Strong-minded women know the meaning of sabotage, and have husbands with waistcoat buttons missing.

Strong-minded women's skirts sag.

Strong-minded women carry their own matches.

Lady policemen wield powder puffs between traffic holdups.

It is only the good old-fashioned woman who dares to flaunt a shiny nose these days.

It is a fascinating fight. The fight against being strong-minded. The sex camouflaging its new status behind a rag of chiffon and a dab of lipstick.

Sex antagonism, of course, has its roots in the physiology rather than the sociology of the race, but, nonetheless, the emancipation of women has brought about a peculiar manifestation of this deep-rooted, combative instinct between the sexes.

Woman is on the defensive against the new antagonism which her emancipation is building up in the male.

There is nothing offensive in her attitude.

She brandishes her lipstick, not to strike with it, but to turn it upon herself.

She flaunts her chiffons to placate, not to aggravate.

She shush-shushes statistical reports as to the relative scholastic standing of men and women university students.

She accepts passively, and without braggadocio, the scientist's new dictum that the male and female brains are about identical.

She is humble in her inexperience and deferential to male wisdom in fields where she has never before set foot.

"Enter my domains," cries out the male in his panic and his antagonism, "and you do so at the price of neglecting my children and your back hair."

No woman can read Blackstone without steel-rimmed spectacles.

A wife in the kitchen is worth two in the legislature.

Women bookkeepers get bowlegged from wrapping their feet around the rungs of a high stool.

Besides, women can't count.

They're all right, I guess, if you like them modern, but thank God! my missus is the good old-fashioned kind who still knows that egg shells make clear coffee and who never had a croupy child in her life.

Well, breaking down these inhibitions is part of the excitement of being a woman today.

And if you think it is easy to break them down, go to the telephone and call up six of the nicest men you know.

Hello! Can you dine with us Friday evening? Want you to meet a nice girl—old school friend of mine.

Rather, yes!

Good. Seven o'clock. Informal. You are sure to like her. Esther Lane. Ever heard of her?

N-no—don't know as I have. Jove! she's not the girl with the radio voice, is she—— No, no, old dear. I said Esther *Lane*, not Esther Taylor. Esther Lane is dean of Westforth College, in case you——

G-o-o-d night! Deliver me from strawberry rash and clever women. Ask me around some other evening, there's a dear. And say, by the way, Fred being in the radio business and all, you don't happen to know Esther Taylor, do you——

You wind up by packing Fred-husband off to his club for dinner and asking in a few of the girls for a reunion party.

POOR old taken-for-granted male world! Your eyelids are a little weary. Where is the excitement of being a male forester? You've been foresters since you men began to set fire to trees with sparks from your flint.

Nothing new under the sun?

Get up some morning, if you're lucky enough to be a woman, and survey your world.

It was born yesterday.

Most of the trails still bear the im-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Woman of It

Fannie Hurst says---

Women are just beginning to live; men are old hands at it. Most of the trails still bear the imprints of first footsteps. New laws. New psychology. New rights. New social order. New hopes. New fears. New joy in child-bearing. It's a better world into which to bring a woman-child.

What woman married to a nice man would not rather remain his wife than to wake up some fine day and find herself her husband?

There is nothing new under the sun about the business of being a man except that he has never before lived in a State that was run by a woman Governor.

What mere man can ever hope to know the unique thrill of arriving at a Friday Blue Bird cup-towel sale? Doors open at eight-thirty sharp. Absolutely only three to the customer!

Women are still experiencing the thrill of straightforwardness that goes with daring to call a limb a leg.

An enormous percentage of women today still say "When baby came."

We still hop off omnibuses backward and shout "Youhooo!" instead of whistling it.

Albin Photo

FANNIE HURST

FREE—10 Shaves
Send Coupon

Now try
what millions have liked

Accept a test. Let us prove the claims made for this unique shaving cream: 5 *advantages.*

By Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

You hear men talking about Palmolive Shaving Cream. Some unique claims are made for it. Any man who uses it will spend several minutes, any time, urging its advantages.

Palmolive has quickly become the leader in its field. The men who use it were weaned from other shaving preparations. Only great merit, you'll agree, can account for so dramatic a success.

Now we ask you the favor of a trial. The favor of proving to you the claims other men make for this cream. We'll thank you for the courtesy.

5 new delights

60 years of soap study stand behind Palmolive Shaving Cream. Over 130 formulas were tested and discarded before we offered it to you. It embodies the 4 things 1000 men told us they wanted most in a shaving cream, *plus* a 5th—strong bubbles, the supreme requisite of all.

Won't you let us send you 10 shaves free? Give us a chance to win you now—or, if we fail, to lose our case forever?

5 *delights*

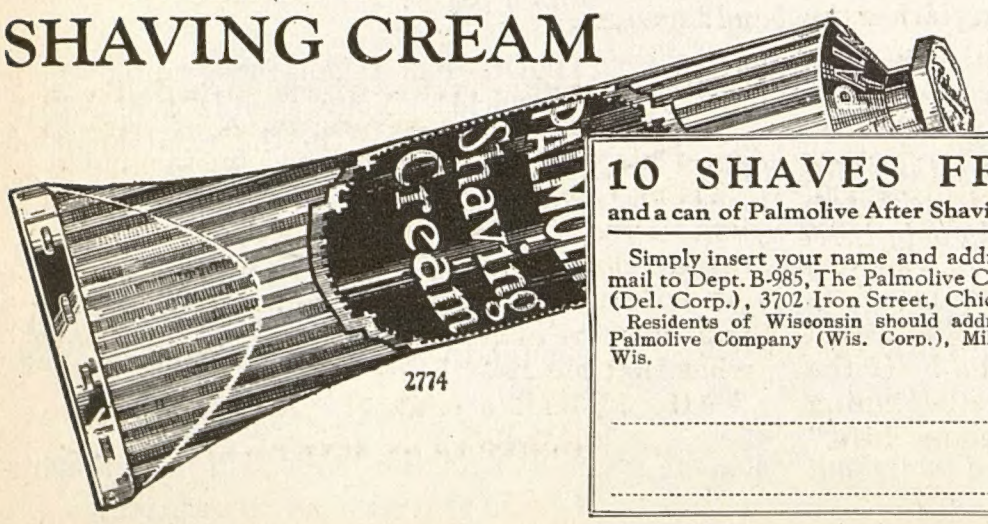
1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2—Softens the beard in one minute.
3—Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

Now in justice to yourself and us, make the test. It may bring you a conception of shaving joy! Your present ideal of a cream multiplied by five. Simply mail the coupon.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Sample free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM



10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-985, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.
Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

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prints of first footsteps. New laws. New psychology. New rights. New social order. New hopes. New fears. New joy in child-bearing.

It's a better world into which to bring a woman-child.

And do you think that this somewhat catalogic array of social reasons sums up the preferences for being a woman?

Who would not rather be a woman than a man at the sight of a mouse dashing its wee way across the floor?

For centuries man has had to suppress his instinct to mount a chair, or whatever corresponded to a chair.

A woman may not only take the leap. But must! To escape the indictment of being strong-minded.

What mere man can ever hope to know the unique thrill of arriving at a Friday Blue Bird cup-towel sale? Doors open at eight-thirty sharp. Absolutely only three to the customer.

What man ever counts his laundry? And therefore ever experiences the cunning moment of checking off?

Six collars	Six collars
1 dickey	1 dickey
2 camisoles	2 camisoles
Six handkerchiefs	*Five* handkerchiefs

One handkerchief short! Chances are a man wouldn't even know he was the one handkerchief short. But, ah, a woman! Something to think about! Something to worry over until the laundry opens in the morning! Something to claim!

Subtle, insidious reasons for being a woman.

THERE are certain prerogatives of sex that not even emancipation can ever snatch from women.

The right to weep. Not the stingy dry sobs that men can weep. But light April showers. Pretty cries with just the rightness of rose-pink tip of nose to daub at.

Lives there a woman sufficiently emancipated to want to go dry-eyed through a lovers' quarrel?

The right to dicker.

Pay up or shut up, say the men.

That is because nine out of ten of them have never experienced the Napoleonic sense of victory that comes from browbeating a pirate of a tradesman into three of those thirty-three cent cans of Hawaiian pineapple for a dollar.

Who would prefer to be a man in a world of gilt slippers, Parma violet corsages, pink crepe de Chine peignoirs, junior proms, mamma-babies, matinees, chinchilla coats, and nice men?

What woman married to a nice man would not rather remain his wife than to wake up some fine day and find herself her husband?

THE END

NUVO
DE LUXE
America's finest briar pipe
at $2.50 and up

Patented re-enforced mouthpiece. *Sanitary. No metal touches the tongue.*

NUVO Special 50c up
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There's a NUVO at a price to fit every purse, from 50c and up. Each with the famous Linkman "built-in" aluminum stem re-enforcement.

Ask your pipe dealer about
HELL MARIA
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off
The *Underslung* Pipe
M. LINKMAN & COMPANY
Pathfinders in Pipedom
CHICAGO

It won't break if it's a NUVO

And then she got married!

FIVE years a stenographer—and then she met the right man. Happy? of course! But sometimes her fingers itched to dart over the keys in the old way. She wondered if she had lost her speed—if she could again earn her living if necessary.

That's where Corona Four fits into a happy family, particularly when the wife has been a business woman. Its standard office keyboard enables the ex-typist to retain her hard-earned skill.

Corona Four costs only $60. Easy terms if desired. Look for Corona in your phone book or write Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., 168 Main St., Groton, N. Y.

CORONA

Another Kind of Girl

By Phyllis Duganne

Pictures by CLARENCE McCARTHY

She sank to a bench, in the gesture of one who can no longer summon strength to stand.

A SHORT Story of a Beauty with a Mysterious Latchkey, a Bachelor, a Kiss, and —a Revelation

I.

ALAN BLAKE reclined, like a young Roman, in his Uncle John's bathtub and luxuriously admired the view about him. Broad plains he had seen, lofty mountains, frosted with snow; deserts, tinted like bolts of chiffon in a shop window . . . yet, in all his twenty-seven years, it seemed to Alan that his heart had never so bounded as it did this March afternoon in the square bathroom of John Blake's bachelor apartment on the north side of Washington Square.

He turned on the hot water again, admiring its flow; like a baby playing with his bath toys of celluloid, his attention wandered from the wooden bowl of soap, with its fresh scent of verbena, to a mammoth sponge, an oval brush with a cloth strap which fitted nicely over his brown hand. . . .

It was some time since Alan Blake had had the leisure of a whole morning to spend in the white shell of a bathtub, just as it was some time since there had been any bathtub in which he might spend it. Alaska, the Philippines, Malaysia, and, lastly, India . . . they had been fascinating and enthralling spots, and each had, undoubtedly, its own quota of modern plumbing, but those sections which a young and eager mechanical engineer frequents are more memorable for color than for facilities for removing it.

After four years of work and adventure, four years which had been as full of other things as they had been empty of bathtubs and crimson tassels, Alan Blake was in New York with life—Life!—before him. And who was more competent to introduce a young man into the intricacies and intrigues of sophisticated New York than John Blake, bachelor? If the nephew had now set his feet at the beginning of that devious path marked "Seeing Life," the uncle had trodden it, in steps cynically fastidious, for some sixty years.

Life! Alan arose in the tub and craned his brown neck this way and that beneath the impact of a hot shower.

Insistently the telephone pierced through the noise of running water, and the merest babe might have known that Alan was a stranger to civilization by his answering smile, by the look of interest which pervaded his face as he leaped, dripping, across the bathroom floor toward the instrument.

"Hello!" said Alan, hopefully, though he knew not a person in the city besides his uncle, who was, at the moment, going through his daily battle against the advancing years, at his gymnasium.

THE masculine voice which rushed like a swift brook over several miles of wire to greet his ears was troubled and unstemmable. "Thank God, you're there! I'm in one heluva jam—Dinnie is coming to the apartment at three o'clock, and I've just got a telegram from my wife that she's hitting town at three-ten and must be met at the station. You know what that means! I——"

"Hey! Wait a minute!" Alan interrupted

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the flow of words. "This isn't John Blake speaking—he's out."

A year past Alan had heard the dying groans of a mangled Malay laborer, yet there had been in them no more of suffering or horror than in the sounds which smote upon his ears now.

"I'm Mr. Blake's nephew," he offered, in attempt to assuage such grief. "My uncle will be back here at four o'clock."

The groan was prolonged until it turned abruptly into speech. "Listen. Someone's got to help me out—right away! Could you do it?"

Alan glanced at the clock on the bureau—two-fifteen—and at his own unadorned condition.

"Sure!" said Alan Blake, promptly. "Shoot!"

A voice of expression, he reflected, as relief and hope mingled their notes with desperation. "My name's Wilkinson—Corey Wilkinson. I'm an old friend of your uncle's. There's a Miss Dinsmore coming to my apartment at three o'clock—like a fool, I gave her a key!—and I've just learned that my wife is reaching town at ten minutes past. For various reasons I've got to meet my wife . . . and I've also got to stall off Miss Dinsmore. If the two meet—oh, well!"

Alan's mouth quivered with excitement. "Couldn't you leave a note?"

"And then if Dinnie didn't show up, have my wife come in and find it? Not so good, my boy! You've got to go up to the apartment—pronto!—meet Miss Dinsmore, and remove her, forcibly if necessary, from the premises. God will reward you, my boy . . . and any time I can aid Him . . ."

Alan assented, scribbling down the address.

ALAN flung himself into his clothes, yet for all his haste he gave care to his appearance. This—on his first day in New York—was adventure! This was life! Separating a wife and—well, and a Miss Dinsmore!

Women . . . Alan Blake's knowledge of them could have been inscribed upon the back of a postage stamp and still leave sufficient room for the average Chinese laundry list.

The key was under the doormat as Mr. Wilkinson had promised, and Alan let himself into the empty apartment with mounting excitement. Five minutes before three! He congratulated himself upon his speed and cast an appraising glance at his reflection in the mirror. He sat down to wait.

The three strokes of the banjo clock upon the wall roused him; his gaze became more intense; almost he pricked up his ears in the tensity of his listening. One minute gone . . . two minutes. . . . At five minutes past he commenced pacing the floor nervously; at ten minutes past he pictured the conjugal greetings of the Wilkinsons at Grand Central Station and wondered how long it would take their taxi to make the journey from Forty-second Street East to Eighty-seventh West. At twelve minutes past——

He turned from the window sharply, muscles stiffened as though he were preparing to spring, when a key grated in the lock. Speech, which had risen to his lips, waited there, impotent to emerge, as his eyes rested upon the young woman who stood in the opened doorway, looking at him in mistrustful surprise.

Pretty? Alan was in a charitable mood toward feminine pulchritude, yet Mr. Ziegfeld himself would have given her a second glance. Slender and straight and insolently boyish, with sleek dark hair caressing white cheeks beneath a small, black hat, scarlet-coated, like a British soldier of the eighteenth century, shod, with military precision, in gleaming patent leather.

Alan stared, while the girl closed the door behind her, commenced removing a gauntleted white glove, and her excessively red lips settled into the stubborn line of one who would say, "You're going to explain yourself first, old dear!"

Alan spoke—haltingly. "Are you Miss Dinsmore?"

"I am." She removed the other glove, and that appeared to be that.

"Mr. Wilkinson asked me to meet you here and tell you that he's going to be unable to meet you here because——" He paused in confusion, while the two brown eyes watched him patiently. "Because he's unable to meet you here," he finished, lamely.

"Well, now, that was most awfully kind of you!" she said, her voice pulsing with a gratitude which seemed slightly superfluous to the occasion. "Was the errand your daily good deed?"

"Wh-what?"

She slipped out of her scarlet coat and tossed it upon the couch.

"Oh, aren't you a Boy Scout?" she asked him.

Alan's harassed gaze crossed the face of the clock and leaped, in horror, at the information written there, to the less legible face of the girl. "Look here—aren't you going to go away?" he demanded.

"No. But you really needn't stay." Off with the hat, and his jaw dropped another half inch at sight of a well-shaped little head, shingled so closely that two small ears displayed themselves impudently.

"But you can't stay!" he said, desperately. "It's quarter past three now, and Mrs. Wilkinson got in at ten minutes after. Mr. Wilk——"

"*What!*" exclaimed Miss Dinsmore, abandoning her calm in a desperate attempt to put on hat, coat, and gloves in one gesture. "Why in the name of all that's holy didn't you say so before? Idiot! Hold this!"

She thrust her arms into the sleeves of the scarlet coat, yanked the black hat down over her short hair so ferociously that Alan waited

"Oh, gawsh!" she said, and the sound of her voice hovered in the air for one startling moment. "Wouldn't I just forget my pocketbook, though?"

to see her face emerge through its crown, and made a rapid exit, with him tagging, like a puppy, at her shining heels.

A SWIFT walk, and they were in the park; as the winds of March cooled Alan's flushed face his assurance returned . . . but so, unfortunately, did Miss Dinsmore's.

"Why don't you have tea with me?" he suggested. "I haven't anyone to play with—I've just got to New York—and I have the added advantage of not being married. You'll really have a much better time with me than——"

"A five-letter word meaning unsalted!" she pronounced, enigmatically. "One can see that you've just arrived in the big city—in charge of the conductor, I presume; but what . . . Is the advantage of your unmarried state yours or mine, may I ask?"

"We might each profit by it," he returned, and then paused to wonder whether she could build a breach-of-promise suit on that statement. He'd heard about these New York girls!

"And Corey . . . Mr. Wilkinson——" she continued. "Oh-h-h!" She sank to a park bench, in the gesture of one who can no longer summon strength to stand, and looked wonderingly into Alan's face as he sat down beside her. "And what is your name, little boy?"

"Alan Blake," said Alan, and again mistrust assailed him. Should he have told her? The mistrust was forgotten in the surplus of other emotions which her responding smile generated in his soul. "Yours, I presume, is Elsie?"

"Do you know," she inquired, in the soft voice of resignation, "that three years ago I made a solemn vow to kiss the first man who didn't say that to me, and that I haven't had to trouble myself yet?"

"Is it so much trouble as all that?"

Miss Dinsmore—not Elsie—was looking increasingly sad.

"I'm a goo-ud gir-rul," she murmured. She rose abruptly. "You might just as well take me to tea, I suppose, Mr. Alan Blake. Afterward I'll either escort you home myself or put you in the care of some policeman with kindly blue eyes. Le's go!"

Alan was finding himself alternately amused, bewildered, and defensive. When she smiled he fell to admiring her poise and wondering whether he, in a parallel situation, could have conducted himself so competently. When she talked he delighted in the pure New York of her phraseology, the glitter of her slang.

And once, when her oval face became wistful—that was in contemplation of a tray of French pastries—he discovered that she looked about fourteen years old, and felt himself suddenly intensely masculine and protective, and even considered warning her against the possession of keys to apartments such as the Wilkinsons'.

BUT his reactions shifted as rapidly as did her own moods, and when, at half past five, they entered a taxicab together, the sense of her nearness, a delicious, unfamiliar sense to Alan Blake, and the lilac fragrance of her perfume made him remember only that she was an exceedingly pretty girl and that—well, that she was the kind of girl who possessed latchkeys other than her own!

"You know, you're awf'ly pretty," he told her, his voice becoming unsteady with excitement and exhilaration.

Miss Dinsmore contemplated him coldly. "Really!" she said.

"Awf'ly pretty!" he repeated, and because words were so entirely inadequate to the occasion, he leaned forward and kissed her.

Afterward he tried to remember which had come first, his kiss or the sharp impact of her gloved hand upon his cheek. Perhaps they had been simultaneous; in any case, the sensation of the second robbed the first of any enjoyment.

"Really, I——"

Stonily, her eyes avoided him; her hands, moving with the precision of anger, opened her bag and she drew forth a bill. The cab slipped to a stop before a red brick house on Ninth Street, and she dropped the oblong of green paper upon the seat.

"That is for my share of the tea and taxi," she addressed the universe. "I hope that there never will be any necessity for us to meet again."

Alan watched her step from the cab, stared mutely, as her slender, scarlet-coated figure flashed across the pavement and disappeared

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN]

The PRICE of HEALTH

For a few cents a day thousands have found again the freshness, the vigor of youth

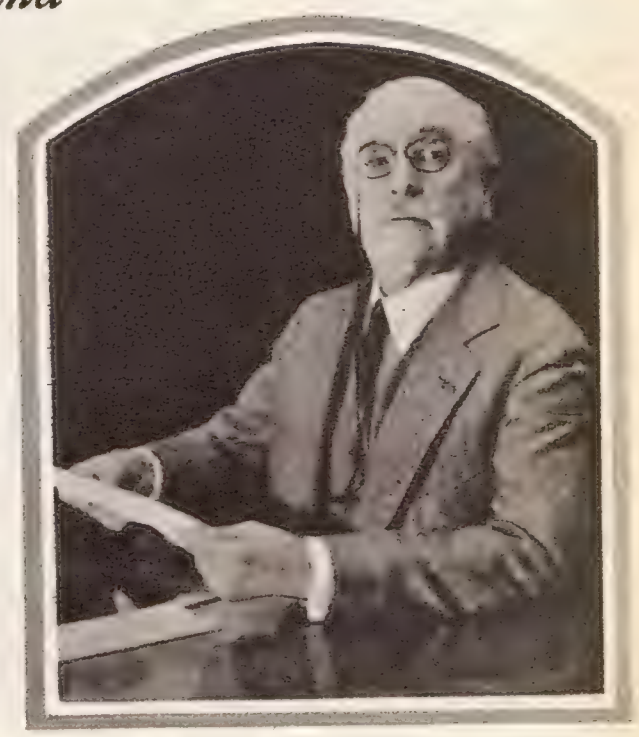
"My real trouble was chronic constipation, which had caused pimples, acne and frequent headaches . . . Skeptical, I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Then—after a little over a month—the miracle became an established fact: pimples gone, headaches gone, acne fast going, and no more constipation."
E. H. Howard, Santa Fe, N. M.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes a day on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-16, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington Street, New York.



(left)

"After years of suffering from a disfigured face, due to chronic acne, and after prolonged treatment, I was persuaded to use Fleischmann's Yeast. I started with two cakes every day. To my great joy there was an immediate improvement. Continued daily use of yeast overcame the unsightly condition of my face and it is now clear of blemishes."

Miss Helen W. Young,
Philadelphia, Pa.

(right)

"I am a professional man, and suffered many years from indigestion. I could eat only certain foods and had constant pain in my stomach. Three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day for three weeks, brought such incredible improvement that I persisted in the practice. At the present time my digestion is perfect and I am in as perfect health as any man of my age in New Haven."

Irving J. Keyes,
New Haven, Conn.

(below)

"As a speaker for my party in 1920, I rushed heedlessly from state to state until an outraged nature exacted retribution . . . I sought out a famous specialist for some magic. Here it was! '*Fleischmann's Yeast: three cakes a day.*' In two weeks my appetite had returned; in six, I dared to face my mirror again with clear eyes. I no longer know what anemia and skin troubles mean. My daily cake of yeast has become a rite and a symbol of a more vital existence."

Miss Alma B. Sasse, Brunswick, Mo.

(below)

"For years I fought a chronic constipation. I began eating Yeast merely to satisfy a friend. At the end of two weeks, my chronic constipation and dull headaches had begun to disappear. In one month I was feeling better than I had for ten years. Now I am absolutely normal. As supervising nurse in the health department of a large utility company I find constipation one of the most common ailments. I consider yeast the best remedy I can advise for it."

Miss Gayle Pond, R. N., Chicago, Ill.

This *famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

into the house. The cab completed its course to north Washington Square, and for a few seconds after it had stopped before the apartment house Alan sat, rigid and dazed, within it.

"Yes, sir?" inquired the driver.

Alan roused himself. "What was that number on Ninth Street?" he demanded, then, and holding his hand against a still flaming cheek, he ascended to his uncle's apartment.

II.

IN more ways than one, thought Alan, he did not blame Mr. Corey Wilkinson. First of all, there was Dinnie herself . . . and in spite of the slight annoyance of having one cheek glow more ruddily than the other, Alan was willing to admit that temper, especially in a pretty young female, was rather a delicious thing. And, secondly:

"You see, I've only been here two days," he answered Mrs. Corey Wilkinson's query if he had seen a certain exhibition of paintings.

Mrs. Wilkinson was pouring a second cup of coffee for John Blake.

"Very bad for you, John," she chided, gently. "Doesn't it keep you awake?"

Alan, suspecting his uncle's hour for retiring, looked away.

"I am so sorry that my little sister could not be here," Mrs. Wilkinson was again addressing him. "Margaret would be so much more companionable for you than we older people."

She smiled at John Blake, and his nephew gave an inward chuckle at that gentleman's expression. At sixty-three John Blake still flinched slightly at the idea of being included among "we older people."

"We must find some nice girls for this boys of yours," she continued. "At his age, a vacation without girls——!"

Without girls! Alan shook his head. Without, perhaps, what his hostess meant by the phrase, "nice girls" . . . but not without girls! Since six o'clock of the previous afternoon he had felt himself surrounded by a dizzy whirl of them, a mocking procession of girls, each with a scarlet coat and closely cropped brown hair. And they—she!—had expressed the hope that there would be no necessity for them to meet again. She did, did she! He bent a polite ear to Mrs. Wilkinson and repeated to himself that number on Ninth Street.

It was, of course, inevitable that he should have presented himself there the next afternoon. His only feeling of surprise came when the door opened and Miss Dinsmore—Dinnie—stood facing him. He had had no idea that she was so pretty!

For a silent moment they looked at one another.

"Miss Dinsmore is not at home," said Miss Dinsmore.

"Thank you," said Alan, "I will wait."

He entered a square room, a gay little room, splashed with color, with two gleaming windows looking out upon the street. Miss Dinsmore watched him, and the expression in her eyes was no more determined than the expression in his own.

"Miss Dinsmore will not return for some time," she added.

"Thank you so much." With the same coolness he had so admired in her two afternoons past, he stripped off his gloves and placed them upon the table. Indifferently, like a young man in a dentist's anteroom, he picked up a magazine and sat down.

For a moment she continued to watch him; then, with a shrug, she closed the door and crossed to a desk, where she resumed the writing of a letter.

Alan's mind raced. He had no idea what her game was, but he was resolved to play it. It was obvious to him that he had been precipitate on the occasion of their first meeting, but now he felt himself capable of a patience which would have astounded that biblical gentleman, Mr. Job. Life was playing into his hands.

At six o'clock Alan had read the contents of four magazines, and Miss Dinsmore must have made considerable impression upon her supply of stationery. At half past six she rose decisively, stacked the letters into an orderly pile and disappeared into the other room. Alan waited, tensely. When she returned her hair was hidden beneath a small hat of coral cloth, a coral scarf sent its reflection upward upon her cheeks. She moved toward the door, and he picked up hat and gloves and followed her.

Toward Sixth Avenue they progressed, mutely, side by side. Like a pair of dancers, intent on the intricacies of a pattern dance, they entered a delicatessen store, skirted the counter, and advanced upon one of a number of small tables, in a side room. Miss Dinsmore ordered food; Alan ordered. Food came, and Miss Dinsmore partook thereof; Alan followed suit.

The waiter, like the third actor in a pantomime, deposited a check beside each plate. Alan reached into his pocket; simultaneously Miss Dinsmore reached into hers — reached and burrowed.

"Oh, *gawsh!*" she said, and the sound of her voice hovered in the air for one startling moment before it precipitated them into uncontrollable laughter, from which they emerged looking straight at one another and smiling. "Wouldn't I just forget my pocketbook, though?" demanded Dinnie.

IT was, Alan realized, undoubtedly the most perfect April which had ever dawned upon an unsuspecting world. And it was not, Alan knew, his own imagination—for Dinnie noticed it, too!

Dinnie! Alan's brows drew together perplexedly.

The windows of her living room were flung wide open, and the faint wind which stirred her yellow curtains was strained through the rose geraniums, blossoming in her window boxes. Dinnie was in the kitchenette, preparing iced tea, and Alan stood watching the slow progress of a flower wagon toward Fifth Avenue and thinking of her.

The New Yorker of two months grunted irritably as the sharp call of the telephone grated upon the perfumed air of the room.

"Hello! Yes . . . I'll call her!" Dark brows above deep blue eyes contracted stormily, as he turned from the instrument. "Dinnie!"

It was rather a feat to stare, unsmiling and unpleased, at the figure which appeared in the doorway. Dinnie, in a frock of tawny orange, holding in each hand a tall glass of amber liquid, frosted and steaming protest at the warmth of the day.

"Telephone," he said, tersely, and watched, without pleasure, the grace of her movements as she deposited the glasses upon the table and picked up the telephone, leaning her brown head against the cool, yellow wall. Alan Blake was experiencing an emotion which a contemporary of England's Elizabeth had put into words long before. What *did* he care how fair she be, if . . .

"Hello?" asked Dinnie. "Oh-h-h—Corey!"

ALAN'S mouth formed the straight and narrow line of conscious virtue; worse even than virtue, there was magnanimity, that worst type of magnanimity, which makes others most uncomfortable, in his bearing, as he went into the kitchenette and left her alone to her conversation.

When he returned Dinnie was drinking her tea thoughtfully.

"You know," he remarked, coldly, "you're likely to get yourself into a mess if you continue to play round with this Wilkinson bird."

"Really?" she asked, looking at him over the top of her glass, like a child.

Alan strode to the window. "If Mrs. Wilkinson should happen to find out . . . she's an exceedingly conservative woman, you know!"

Dinnie sipped her tea calmly.

"An admirable quality," she murmured.

His gaze was furious. "It's a quality which seems to have been left out of you! Supposing Mrs. Wilkinson gets bored with the situation—and decides she wants a divorce?"

She looked at him. "You think she has grounds?"

"How do I know what to think?"

How *did* he know what to think? There sat Dinnie, calmly smiling at him; Dinnie, whom he had known for two months, who unquestionably was not what Mrs. Wilkinson would describe as "a nice girl" . . . and who turned into a cold little figure of marble if he so much as tried to hold her hand! Dinnie, who had gone to tea with him, unintroduced . . . and who had slapped him, returning in the taxi. Dinnie, who looked like a schoolgirl . . . . and who had had, perhaps still had, a key to Corey Wilkinson's apartment!

"It must be wonderful to understand women," she murmured. "All sorts of women, I mean. The conservative ones, like Mrs. Wilkinson—and the other kind, like me!"

Alan ignored her.

"And it's so kind of you, really, to take this interest in me!" she continued. "Though I do wish you'd be frank."

"Frank!" Alan exploded.

She nodded. "Women are so inquisitive. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Is the Battleship Obsolete?

© U. & U.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ARE the advocates of a United Air Service right or wrong? One of the few men who can answer these questions calmly, sanely, and out of a profound knowledge is THEODORE ROOSEVELT. *As Assistant Secretary of the Navy he acquired an unexcelled first-hand knowledge of aviation as it concerns our fleets. He gives a masterly summing up of the present status of aircraft in an authoritative article entitled:*

WHERE DO WE STAND IN THE AIR?

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

suppose it's some secret society of the Boy Scouts that you belong to—sort of like the Masons."

"You're either an awful fool," he began, furiously, "or——"

"Or?" she prompted, as he hesitated.

"Look here!" Alan shouted. "I'm not going to stand this! I don't know anything about your affairs, and, what's more, I don't want to! And I hope—I hope——"

"That there'll never be any necessity for us to meet again?" suggested Dinnie. "So nice of you to have called, Mr. Blake." She picked up her glass of iced tea and drank from it serenely.

Alan slammed the door with a ferocity which made the little room tremble.

III.

IT would be far easier, thought Alan, profoundly, to give up something which you had than to give up something which you had never had. He sat, playing solitaire, in his uncle's living room, and pondered the problem.

After all, Dinnie had been nothing in his life but an episode, and, if you wanted to look at it that way, a highly unsatisfactory one, into the bargain. And he was through, through with being played with, and made uncomfortable by a girl who—well, who might very well live to regret it! She was young now, of course, and confident, but some day . . . This game which Dinnie was playing was a short one. He tried to find satisfaction in that realization, but somehow he could conjure up no more bitter emotion than sympathy.

Whenever he thought of Corey Wilkinson, an anger, quite out of proportion to the importance of episodes, took hold of him. Vanity, perhaps? For what reason should she be so nice to a middle-aged man who would certainly take no prizes for either beauty or wit, and so—well, so frigid to him? It wasn't reasonable! And it wasn't a question of money. In all his life he had never seen a girl who was more insistent upon her right to pay her own way.

There were plenty of other girls in the world, and the following evening, after an entirely satisfactory dinner and play with one of them, he contemplated her across the table of the night club, where they had gone to dance, and admitted the uncontradictable fact that, unfortunately, she was not Dinnie. But perhaps the trouble lay in his choice.

He tried another, a small, blonde youngster to whom Mrs. Wilkinson had introduced him. She had none of Dinnie's disturbing levity; she was wide-eyed in admiration of the things Alan had done, and, nicely brought up young thing that she was, she lifted her face almost eagerly for his kiss. The human mind was a strange thing, reflected Alan, as his lips brushed the lips of the little blonde girl—he felt again the smarting of Dinnie's gloved hand across his cheek—and thrilled to that!

It couldn't be, thought Alan, two weeks later, that he was in love with Dinnie! Young men did silly things occasionally, but he, Alan Blake . . . one did not marry young women who had in their possession superfluous latchkeys.

Three weeks in which he had not seen Dinnie! As he sat playing chess with his uncle, while crowded Washington Square lifted its tumultuous voice below the windows, he found

The girl closed the door behind her and commenced removing a gauntleted white glove.

himself wondering what she was doing. Perhaps . . .

"Again!" said Uncle John, in resignation, and tilted back his chair to reach the telephone. "Hel-*lo!* Oh—how are you, my dear?"

Alan watched the smile that curved his uncle's lips with an emotion which resembled envy. Had Uncle John, before he attained his perfection of lightness and suavity toward the female sex, ever felt like this about a girl?

"I'll be over directly," promised Uncle John. He replaced the receiver and contemplated his nephew rather humorously for an instant.

"I've got to go out for a few minutes," he said. "A little business to attend to."

Alan watched, suddenly disapproving, while his uncle selected a flower from the bowl on the table and inserted it in his buttonhole. Business, indeed! After the door had closed he continued to sit, slightly bent, over the chessboard.

What kind of business was it which called Uncle John with his suave smile and his fresh flower? What "my dear" was it who telephoned in such imminent need? For the first time since he had come to New York Alan was conscious of extreme disapproval of his uncle. It was not so easy to separate all women into two classes, to say that this one is "good" and that one "bad"! Dinnie . . . Even now Alan could not but admit that in its general sense Dinnie was not a "nice" girl. And yet . . . He got up and began pacing the empty room.

Yet Dinnie was *not* "the other kind." Wilkinson or no Wilkinson, latchkey or no latchkey. . . . Why should the fault be Dinnie's, anyway? Wilkinson had suffered no loss of esteem. It was an idea so radical to Alan that it took his breath away for an instant before he could pursue it. Dinnie had had entry to the Wilkinson apartment when Mrs. Wilkinson was away. Well—speak for yourself, Alan! He flushed at certain recollections. And Dinnie was so sweet, so thoroughly *decent!* She was young, in many ways surprisingly unsophisticated. What did he know of her relationship with Corey Wilkinson; what did he know of the emotions that might have carried her into indiscretions?

ALAN was not conscious of having made a decision, but there he was, suddenly, hat on his head, descending the stairway of the apartment house. Dinnie! The babble of Washington Square rose in its song of spring; a hurdy-gurdy on the corner of the avenue contested with the small band in the pavilion near Macdougal Street. Dinnie . . . and spring . . . and love!

He hurried up the dim stairway of the house on Ninth Street, while the vision of that room, with its yellow curtains and pungent rose-geraniums danced before his eyes. He loved her—— Dinnie!

"*Good night, my dear!*"

The familiar suavity of that voice, the note, faintly patronizing, faintly indulgent, chilled him. Alan flattened himself against the dark wall, and stood, staring through eyes that hurt, at the two figures silhouetted in the glow of light which fell through Dinnie's open door.

"Good night."

The softness of her voice, the throatiness of it! Alan had forgotten that grown men cried, but the mist through which he saw Dinnie's bare arm encircle John Blake's neck, through which he saw her lips brush his cheek, must have been the mist of tears.

His uncle passed so close that his sleeve brushed Alan's chest, but the nephew did not stir. Motionless, flattened against the dingy wall as though he had been impaled there, Alan watched Dinnie's door close. Motionless. . . . Of what use was motion? There was no longer reason for going farther on, for mounting the few remaining steps which led to Dinnie's room. And for going back, back to that cool room above Washington Square, to Uncle John's triumph. . . .

Light made a shaft on the gray carpet; like a puddle of amber liquid it trickled, as the door opened wider, across the hall, and dripped down the dusty stairs. Dinnie's face was sober, poignantly young; with the litheness of a dancer she bent downward to place two glistening milk bottles outside her door on the floor. Two milk bottles, washed and polished! He had thought it was a lump which rose in his throat; if he had even suspected that it was speech he would have hurled himself

across the bannisters to the floor below. . . .

"*Dinnie!*"

She straightened and stared, wide eyed, through the dimness of the stairway at the sound of that agonized voice.

Wearily, as though he had been working without rest for days, Alan dragged himself up the remaining steps, brushed past her, and sank, head on his hands, into a chair. Wide eyed still, more quiet, more serious than he had ever seen her, Dinnie stood beside him, looking down.

"I saw Uncle John come out," said Alan, lifelessly.

"Oh—Alan!"

He looked up at her, shaken by the warmth, the loveliness of her voice. All the impudence, the gayety, of the Dinnie he had known was vanished.

"Alan—my dear!"

HE didn't know, really, what happened, except that he was standing with Dinnie's head pressed closely against his chest while his face rested upon that fragrant, cropped brown hair .

"Dinnie . . . I don't care! I can't care . . . about anything; I love you more than everything in the world. I want you to marry me, Dinnie, and let me take care of you!"

"Alan!" She pushed him back, gently, into the chair, sat upon its arm beside him, stroking his forehead. "Alan, you poor baby! I've been rotten to you!"

He shook his head. "It doesn't matter. I guess I wasn't so nice to you!"

"*Alan!*" A note of the old Dinnie; the new tenderness hovered in her eyes while her mouth curved into the familiar grin, her small nose tilted impertinently. "Alan, my boy, before you commit yourself further, I am going to tell you—everything!" She paused, impressively.

"I love you," he repeated, doggedly, as though it were the one thing in a shifting world which remained stable. "And I'd hate to have to tell you everything!"

"Infant!" The tenderness lingered, too, in her voice. "It's going to be a blow, poor boy. But in a way it serves you right. You see, you were so darned confident, so hatefully arrogant!"

"Yes," said Alan, and received a kiss for his meekness.

"It must be awful," said Dinnie, "to have thought you were being a regular devil and seeing life and all that and then to find out that you were nothing but a Boy Scout!"

Alan was silent.

"You've noticed yourself that Madeline Wilkinson is a conventional lady," said Dinnie. "She was just as conventional when she was Madeline Dinsmore, but, even as you remarked, her small sister didn't get her share of the virtue!"

Alan earned that kiss in return for an expression of absurd bewilderment.

"So little Margaret—which is me—quarreled with her, and being, as you know, a stubborn and vindictive little party, refused to make up. Brother-in-law tried to play the peacemaker—a dangerous game. Enter the Boy Scout!"

Another kiss, in reward for what Dinnie assured him was the most silly grin ever grinned by man.

"The Boy Scout had such annoying ideas about women that little Margaret felt it her duty to an imperfect world to teach him a lesson. Only . . . unfortunately . . . she had to learn one herself, and, after being brutally abandoned by the Boy Scout, she found herself . . . as you might say . . . sunk. Apologizing to sister made her feel no better, so she called on Uncle John to see if he didn't have any love potions to feed a hard-hearted nephew. And . . ."

Alan didn't earn that kiss at all . . . he took it.

THE END

"Good night, my dear!" The familiar suavity of that voice, the note, faintly patronizing, faintly indulgent, chilled him.

Why you sometimes need Firmness in buying garters

A MAN, suddenly remembering, went into a haberdashery and asked for Boston Garters.

"J'ever try these?" asked the young man behind the counter, handing over a pair of "something else."

"No, I've always worn Bostons," said the man. "They suit me."

"Well, let me tell you something," said the clerk, "the garters you have in your hand are not known at all—not advertised, but the manufacturer says that if Bostons had the quality of web those have, they'd have to sell for 65c instead of 50c."

"They're better than Bostons, then?" asked the man.

"Fifteen cents better and cost no more."

"Really!" said the customer.

"Oh, absolutely," said the clerk. Some clerks are so sure, you know.

So the man "bit" and in the course of a week or so knew he'd been "stung."

Instead of the web in the garters he bought being better than Bostons, the quality was not nearly as good. It was of the flimsiest variety, with little stretch and no life—we know, because the man, in rather a shame-faced way, brought us his purchase.

Checking back in this particular case, a significant fact was disclosed. The wholesale price paid by this haberdasher was about $3 per gross less than Bostons and yet the retail price he asked was the same.

Such practices are not common, but they do occur often enough to be worthy of notice. Be warned against them.

Garters can be and are made to sell for less than 50c. Some Bostons sell for 25c—others as high as $1. But when you pay 50c for Bostons you can bet your last penny you are getting the biggest 50c value that can be put into garters. When a better garter than Bostons at 50c a pair can be made, you can rest assured of this fact—Boston will make them.

You'll never know the comfort and service of Bostons unless you wear them. And you owe it to yourself to insist on Bostons when you ask for Bostons.

By the way—

How did your garters look this morning?

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston. Also makers Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for Women and Children, also Knicker Bostons.

A Pearl and a Hop-Toad

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Picture by ROBERT L. DICKEY

Fifteenth Chapter of TRUB'S DIARY, *in Which Miss Kendle Plays Her Trump Card and Discovers What the Guardian Thinks of Her*

Miss Kendle hopped over to the gray-haired man and hung on to him.

MARCH 30. Toodles is gone. He took Miss Kendle with him. I am glad in a way. I don't have to watch him lick cream off his nose. There was a lot of talk before he went. There always is—about everything. I wonder why.

The first talk was in the glass room. Just The Molecule, Miss Kendle, and I were there. Toodles had gone to eat crackers and cream—as usual. Miss Kendle said: "But it's so important to have him like me, Bobby."

The Molecule said: "It can be overdone."

Miss Kendle said: "You don't mean to insinuate that I——"

The Molecule said: "Back to the crossword puzzle with INSINUATE. Are you going to the country club with me this afternoon or not?"

Miss Kendle said: "I'd love to. You know that. But what can I do? I've already promised to drive with him."

The Molecule said: "And I've promised Tibo Ethridge we'd shoot a foursome at three o'clock."

Miss Kendle said: "You can telephone."

The Molecule said: "Yes, I learned to do it as a child; but I won't." Miss Kendle said: "But what am I to do about Mr. Steele?"

The Molecule said: "Approach him in a dignified manner and speak as follows: 'Listen, Bud; the goof who is about to smear up my fair name with his own disgusting moniker has just passed me the word that you're out of the picture. Therefore, and in consequence, my absence from your Rolls-Royce on this and other occasions will be complete. For further information, address the Boy Hero.'"

Toodles came in. He was licking the cream off his nose. I tried not to watch him. I couldn't help it.

Miss Kendle went in the library. Toodles went with her. He was still at it. I went with him. The gray-haired man was in the library.

Miss Kendle said: "I must tell you something—Bobby is jealous."

The gray-haired man sat looking at a book. He stood up. He said: "Of what?"

Miss Kendle said: "Of you."

The gray-haired man said: "Flattering, I'm sure." Miss Kendle said: "Why flattering?"

The gray-haired man said: "When we pass forty—such things are."

Miss Kendle said: "The idea, you with all your power, you could sweep any girl off her—— I'm talking too much."

The gray-haired man said: "Possibly; it's for you to decide."

Miss Kendle gave the gray-haired man a look. It was a long look. She said: "I've never met anyone like you before. It makes me feel so helpless—like being in the dark. I'd give anything to guess a little of what you think."

The gray-haired man said: "I think you're engaged to my ward." Miss Kendle said: "Is that all you think?"

The gray-haired man said: "All I can tell you." Miss Kendle said: "Why?"

The gray-haired man said: "Because you're engaged to my ward."

Miss Kendle said: "And if I weren't engaged to Bobby you could tell me more?"

The gray-haired man gave Miss Kendle a look. It was a kind look. He said: "Undoubtedly, my dear." Miss Kendle said: "I'm so frightfully curious—you tempt me to go driving with you this afternoon."

The gray-haired man said: "I thought you were." Miss Kendle said: "No, I can't. That's what I came to tell you. If I went I shouldn't be engaged to Bobby any more."

The gray-haired man said: "Then, of course, you're not going. I shall be disappointed." He sat down in the chair.

I wanted him to scratch me back of the ears. I went to the chair. I stood up on my hind legs. I paw-poked the gray-haired man. I paw-poked his chest. I paw-poked a pink marble out of his tie. It fell to the floor. It rolled toward Miss Kendle. She picked it up.

Miss Kendle said: "See what you've done, Trouble. What a wonderful pearl!" She looked at the pink marble.

The gray-haired man began to scratch me back of the ears. He said: "I didn't know it was loose. You like it?" Miss Kendle said: "Who wouldn't?"

The gray-haired man said: "You may have it." Miss Kendle said: "You're joking, of course."

The gray-haired man said: "No, I'm not joking, but I claim a reward."

Miss Kendle was looking at the pink marble. Her eyes were shiny. She said: "I couldn't reward you enough for anything like this."

The gray-haired man said: "Just our drive this afternoon will be ample."

Miss Kendle looked at the gray-haired man. She said: "I couldn't—you know why." She looked at the pink marble again. Her eyes were more shiny. The gray-haired man said: "I'm sorry. It's worth ten thousand dollars."

Miss Kendle said: "Ten thousand dollars—here, take it." She started to give the pink marble to the gray-haired man. She didn't.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

4 out of 5
now lose

The law of averages is immutable. Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are marred by Pyorrhea. Do you want to escape?

It takes healthy gums to keep healthy teeth

If you neglect your gums—let them get in a "run-down" condition—you may soon be numbered among Pyorrhea's countless victims.

Bleeding gums are Nature's first warning. Then the gums begin to recede, lose that rich, healthy pink color. Poisons collect in pus pockets and often drain through the entire system, causing indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism and other serious diseases of mid-life. In the final stages the teeth loosen and fall out.

Take no chances—use Forhan's

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress—something ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to do. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea). It is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

She said: "I could stay home with a headache, would that do?"

The gray-haired man stopped scratching me back of the ears. He looked at Miss Kendle. It was a long look. He said: "Yes, I think it would."

Miss Kendle said: "Then, it's mine!"

The gray-haired man said: "Yes, it's yours."

Miss Kendle looked at the pink marble. She kissed it. She gave the gray-haired man a look. It was a kind look. She said: "I'm speechless. I'll come down here when he's gone to the country club." She went away from there. Toodles went with her. The cream was gone, but he was licking his chops. I wanted to ask him something. I followed him into the hall.

I SAID: "Listen, why do they talk so much?"

Toodles stopped licking his chops. He yawned. He scratched his left ear. He yawned again. He said: "It's the old army game." He went upstairs with Miss Kendle.

I barked at the front door. Saki let me out. I went around to the garden. The gardener wasn't there. I was glad. A gardener just ruins a garden!

There is a rule about hole digging. It goes like this:

"Holes may be dug in the field back of the cow stables, but never in the garden."

Wouldn't you know it would be like that? The garden is just perfect for hole digging.

I thought I would try just a small hole. I did. It was in a pansy bed. I thought I would make it just a little bigger. I did. I was surprised how big it got. It would not be a good thing to be near when the gardener came. I went behind the syringa bushes. He didn't come. He didn't come all afternoon. I don't know how many holes I dug.

I was digging the biggest hole when I found the hop-toad. He was sitting by a stone. I barked. He blinked. I paw-poked him. He hopped. It was wonderful!

I thought of Toodles. I thought, "Why should I keep all this to myself?" I picked up the hop-toad. I went to find Toodles. I couldn't scratch on the front door on account of the rule. I couldn't bark on account of the hop-toad taking up so much room.

I was glad when a car came up the drive. It was The Molecule. He had on baggy pants and stockings. I went in the side door with him.

I went to look for Toodles. I went in a quick way. He was in the library. So was Miss Kendle. So was the gray-haired man. Toodles was sitting in Miss Kendle's lap. I put the hop-toad down by her feet for Toodles to see. I said: "Look it over, old companion."

The hop-toad hopped. It hopped onto Miss Kendle's feet. She stood up in a quick way. Toodles fell right on top of the hop-toad. Miss Kendle made a bigger hop than the hop-toad. She hopped over to the gray-haired man and hung onto him.

The gray-haired man said: "What's the matter?"

Miss Kendle didn't say anything. She was getting sleepy. She closed her eyes. The gray-haired man had to hold her up, she was so sleepy. He was holding her up when The Molecule came in. The Molecule looked at the gray-haired man. He said: "You've cured another headache, I see. It's a gift." He went away from there.

I barked at the hop-toad. It wouldn't blink any more. I paw-poked it. It wouldn't hop any more. I gave Toodles a look. It was not a kind look. I said: "Now, you've done it."

Toodles yawned. He said: "You mean *you've* done it."

I said: "Who sat on this hop-toad, you or I?"

Toodles said: "I wasn't speaking of that filthy reptile. Take it away!"

I said: "It will be a cold day when I'll let you in on anything again." I took the hop-toad and went away from there.

TOODLES and Miss Kendle went away that night. Miss Kendle and the gray-haired man talked some more when she was leaving. Miss Kendle said: "Now you can tell me what you think."

The gray-haired man said: "About what?"

Miss Kendle gave the gray-haired man a look. It was a kind look. She said: "About me."

The gray-haired man said: "Do you want me to?"

Miss Kendle said: "I want you to—a lot."

The gray-haired man walked over to Miss Kendle. He gave her a look. It was a long look. He said: "I thought it of you the first time I met you in New York. I've thought it of you ever since. While there was a chance that you'd be Bobby's wife some day, I couldn't tell you. Now, since you've asked me, I will. I think you're an utterly mercenary little person."

Saki came in. He said: "Scoose, please; automobile have come at door."

The gray-haired man said: "Good-by, my dear."

Miss Kendle didn't say anything. She picked up Toodles. She went out and got in the automobile. It went away from there.

The observant Trub will continue the narrative of his sprightly experiences in the Trescott home in another installment of his chronicles to appear in an early issue.

Matrimonial Pitfalls

In Which the Man Pays and Pays and Pays!

Picture by
ROBERT G. JONES

"The judge, while secretly contemptuous of the man who failed to fall for the well-dressed, quick-witted 'victim,' feels that the price she asks is none too much for the 'injury' involved."

By Judge William N. Gemmill *via* Casper Nathan

"WHAT sort of advice, given to people intending to marry, would tend to reduce the number of cases of marital infelicity?"

The question was put to Judge William N. Gemmill, dean of Chicago's jurists, who, during his eighteen years on the bench, has heard more than ten thousand cases arising from domestic discord.

Judge Gemmill was busily engaged in correcting the proofs of The Kingdom of Hearts, his new book on matrimony. This is the third book he has written, the others being Witchcraft in Massachusetts and a work on the romantic origin of names of familiar places.

"The trouble is," said the Judge, smilingly, "that people intending to get married don't want advice—they want to get married.

"In doing so they're simply following the law of natural selection, which makes the loved one the most desirable being in the world to the lover, though her charms may be invisible to other eyes.

"Have you ever thought how fortunate is this arrangement? How terrible it would be if all young men would see the same beauty of face and form and character in the same girl—and *vice versa?* There would be endless battling, and the fact that no one else could inspire love would soon depopulate the world.

"A great many cases of domestic infelicity occur when this condition is encountered on a smaller scale. It is only necessary for two men to love one woman—or two women one man—to disrupt a happy home. Here you have the triangle so frequently depicted in the movies.

"But most homes are wrecked from within, not from without. In many instances the visions of prospective happiness that led to marriage, when translated into the realities, become tumbling air castles.

"The fact that many marriages are wrecked is no argument against the advisability of getting married.

"BLANKET advice as to what a young man or a young woman should look for in a mate—even if it were followed—is less than nonsense. Happy marriages rest upon chance quite as much as upon reason. Some marriages that look as if they could not weather the first month result most happily; others, made under the most favorable circumstances, end disastrously.

"The surprising aspect is not that some marriages end in conflict but that, out of twelve million families in America, eleven million eight hundred thousand dwell together in harmony.

"A man seeking heart balm after being jilted by his lady-love is rarely encountered in our courts. He is the subject of ridicule rather than commiseration if he has the temerity to press his claims. But a woman—ah!

"The most peculiar and in some respects most interesting feature of breach of promise actions lies in the fact that the implied promise, even when exceedingly vague, as far as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Judge Gemmill on Marriage

JUDGE WILLIAM N. GEMMILL, Chicago jurist, philosopher, and author, is widely recognized as one of the leading American authorities on marital problems. During two years of his long experience on the bench he presided over the Court of Domestic Relations in Chicago, and his experiences there made him world famous. More recently, in the Superior Court, he has been the presiding judge in the much-discussed Stokes defamation-of-character trial.

Judge Gemmill has consented to give readers of Liberty some of his views on marriage and its perplexities in the form of an interview. Here are some of the pointed "Gemmillgrams" in which he voices his conclusions:

Giving advice to those who intend to marry is the world's greatest example of waste of time, breath, and energy.

Happy marriages rest upon chance quite as much as upon reason.

Accusing another of having wrecked your home is no proof of your own innocence.

Women with virtue sullied the least seek the greatest amount of damages.

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BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

the man is concerned — or even when silent, like the 'p' in 'pneumonia' — is sufficient to satisfy court and jury.

"What matter if he never proposed in so many words, or that he never made advances calculated to violate her hold upon the traditional treasures of modesty?

"She goes to court, anyhow, and the less the actual damage to her feelings, the greater the number of financial figures in which she describes her claim.

"And the judge and jury, admiring the high caliber of the claimant, while secretly contemptuous of the man who failed to fall for the well-dressed, quick-witted 'victim,' feel that the price she asks is none too much for the 'injury' involved."

JUDGE GEMMILL cited the following cases from various court records as examples of the thin texture of the implied promise:

At a wedding a young man, impressed by the ceremony, remarked to the girl who accompanied him, "How do you think we would look standing up there at the altar, you with the long veil and me with the swallow tail?"

"Fine," she said. Some time later he married another girl — and was sued for breach of promise by the girl with the good memory for casual remarks.

In another case, Emanuel, flushed with pride of ownership of some vacant lots, displayed his real estate possessions to Hulda, having driven her to the scene, and asked her which lot she preferred. She told him. Although he had never asked her to marry him, the court awarded her three thousand dollars because he had led her to *think that Emanuel meant to wed her.*

A man said to a girl who claimed to be a good cook, "I love good cooks; they can have me." She sued and obtained two thousand dollars, although the man had never mentioned marriage.

A reflection of Judge Gemmill's psychological insight on the matrimonial aspects of modern life is found in his axiomatic assertion that "the ignorant and the cultured cannot dwell together in harmony."

Keeping physically fit, in his opinion, is virtual insurance for continual marital happiness.

"The husband who attends gymnasium regularly," he emphasized, "and the wife who takes her turn with her so-called better half at golf, seldom make their way to divorce courts."

Close on the trail of this, comes the influence of attire.

"It must be apparent to all," said the judge, "that the wife who, through misconception of thrift, permits herself to become overburdened when assuming the responsibilities of housework, is making her husband the prey of the wiles of the first well-dressed rival who appears on the home horizon.

"In like degree the woman who sacrifices all savings for 'fine feathers' is heading the husband of limited means to financial bankruptcy and domestic despair.

"It must always be remembered," Judge Gemmill continued, "that those who marry, however full their faith at the time, have no means of foreseeing the future. It has often been said that the prospective bride and bridegroom would do well to imagine each other as they may look several years hence before taking the all-important step. But, since the ratio of happy marriages by far exceeds the other kind there is no need for undue alarm. Realization is ofttimes less entrancing than anticipation, and in such cases, patience and a desire to live in a spirit of fair play will do much to make up for the glamour of lost romance.

"What is wanted most is the old-fashioned spirit of mutual helpfulness which characterized society of a generation ago, before the jazz craze made trivialities appear to be the important things of life."

THE END

Judge William N. Gemmill, photographed on the bench of the Superior Court in Chicago.

"Introducing John L. Sullivan."

A Painting by George Bellows

Reproduced by courtesy of Mrs. George Bellows.

Photographed by Wm. McKillop.

John L. Sullivan

The Life Story of "The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

By Joe Dorney, Sullivan's Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years, and Sid Sutherland

THIRD INSTALLMENT

"The Squarest Fighter of Them All"

THIS fascinating account of John L. Sullivan's meteoric career has been compiled from Mr. Dorney's reminiscences of many years as the fighter's friend and business adviser, Mr. Sutherland having collaborated in the telling of the story. Previous installments have told of John L.'s early life, his entry into the ranks of professional prize fighters, and his growing popularity. Until Billy Madden, one of the celebrated characters of the day, showed him the rudiments of scientific boxing, Sullivan knew nothing of the art; he tore into his opponents, smashing and fighting his way to victory without bothering about a defense. Then he was matched to meet Mike Donovan, noted light heavyweight, in a friendly exhibition, and it was this fight which caused the entire American sporting public to "sit up and take notice." A new and extraordinary fighter had appeared.

"JOHN was a rough fellow, but the squarest fighter that ever lived," said Mike Donovan thirty years later, while discussing his first meeting with Sullivan. "He made no pretense of being a gentleman, or anything except what he was—a human bulldog. And what a mighty man he was back in 1880, and for years after until booze paved the way for a fast, light-hitting dancing master to tire him out and win his title.

"We had a long talk after Mahoney introduced us. He said he'd like to get some pointers from me on boxing; that is, if we met in private. If we met in public, he calmly said, he would knock my head off! I asked him if he'd ever taken a lesson. He said Madden had put the gloves on with him a few times, but that nobody his size had taught him anything in the private clubs and saloons where he had been fighting frequently for small purses and collections taken up in a hat.

"'They've brought a fellow named Patsy Hogan up from Rhode Island to beat me,' he said. 'I'm to meet him day after tomorrow, and I'd like to box with you first.'

"I had an abscess on my arm and had to put him off, promising to take him on in public at the old Athenæum on Howard Street the last night of my appearance. His eyes seemed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Hello Daddy- don't forget my Wrigley's"

Slip a packet in your pocket when you go home tonight ~ ~ ~

Give the youngsters this wholesome sweet for pleasure and benefit.

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DIFFERENT FLAVORS Same Quality

F-49

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

positively to turn black as he stared at me. 'Thanks,' he said. 'I'll be there.'

"I went to see him fight Hogan. It was a farce! Hogan was a helpless baby before Sullivan, who leaped across the ring and chilled Hogan before he could set himself.

"Sullivan came to the theater on Saturday night; and what a whirlwind contest we put on for the three rounds it was scheduled! All that saved me was the fact that I was far too clever for him. But I realized that my dream of being the world's heavyweight champion was a vain one. I knew it when I put my head down close to Sullivan's chest to try some in-fighting he'd never heard of. He brought his sledge-hammer right down on the back of my neck so hard I thought it was broken. As it was, I was knocked flat on the stage and my nose crushed.

"After we dressed we went to Keenan's place and had another talk. Before we parted I said, 'John, I believe you tried to stop me.'

"'I did,' he replied calmly. 'You were trying to put the finisher on me. It would have been a great feather in your cap to do that here in my own town. But of course no man can do that; and you were too scientific for me to hit you squarely. But I'll tell you this: If I ever meet you again I'll know how to break you in two, and I'll do it.'

"How could one take offense at a remark like that, uttered as if he were saying that the sun rose in the East? All his life I noticed that, although he didn't know it, he was simply a Napoleon of pugilism, so far as confidence in his destiny went. And if you didn't like what he said you could, of course, resent it—and see what that got you!"

DONOVAN returned to New York and started the news across the country that at last America had produced a fighter greater than any that had ever lived. Coming from Donovan, well educated, a gentleman, and a real boxer, his statement carried weight.

The country was alert, therefore, when it was announced that on April 6, 1880, at a testimonial for Joe Goss, the world's champion, the Englishman agreed to meet the Boston Strong Boy—provided Sullivan gave his word of honor that it was to be a friendly sparring exhibition only. Elated at the opportunity to meet the champion, Sullivan agreed; and the old Boston Music Hall was jammed to the rafters.

As Goss and Sullivan met to shake hands, Goss suggested that Sullivan go easy with the right fist, about which Donovan had warned the Englishman.

"I'll try to keep it choked down a bit," John said. "But don't try anything funny. You have my word that I'll not harm you. But I haven't got yours. However, I don't need it; if you do try to get funny I'll tear you apart!"

Sure enough, in the second round the really clever veteran could not resist the temptation to slam a hard one across, so ridiculous was Sullivan's skill as a boxer. Goss clipped Sullivan on the chin with a ripping left hook and stepped back to see the Boston man go down. With a roar which was echoed by howls of fury in the distant gallery, John shook his head, leaped at Goss and knocked him to his knees, bathed in blood.

WHEN the third round began, Goss extended his hand, apologized, and the round finished without further damage to the Champion.

A month later Goss lost his title to Paddy Ryan in eighty-seven rounds at Collier's Station, West Virginia.

"Never mind," Sullivan consoled the old Briton when he returned to Boston. Between them a deep friendship had begun, to last until Goss's death. "Never mind; I'll whip Ryan the first chance I get. America ought to have the title, and Paddy was born in Thurles, County Tipperary. You foreigners have won your last championship for a long time."

On June 28, 1880, Sullivan stopped George Rooke of London, who had held Donovan to a draw, in two rounds. This finally convinced Madden that nothing could keep the Big Fellow from the top. They came to terms and he became Sullivan's manager. Astute and alert, Madden resolved to capitalize Sullivan's spreading fame. The whole country was clamoring for a sight of the Boston Strong Boy. Macon McCormick, a well-known sporting authority on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, hastened to Boston. He offered Madden two round trip tickets and a purse of five hundred dollars, a sum which made the nation gasp, for Sullivan to go out to Ohio and meet Professor John Donaldson, hailed as Champion of the West.

The battle was staged in Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati, on October 28, 1880. The professor was a man of enterprise, and he sailed right in to demolish the Champion of the East, as the newspapers called Sullivan. But he met an astonishing reception: John hit him so hard that he turned a somersault through the ropes. Not satisfied, he challenged Sullivan to another fight, and two months later John stopped him in ten rounds.

The Cincinnati and out of town sports went wild over the new pugilist. They urged him to go after Paddy Ryan and force the latter into a contest for the title.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THIS BOOKLET of golden vacation tours tells how to get the most and see the most for your travel money. It's a book you ought to have whether you are coming to California this year or later. It is an accurate guide to California's most alluring wonders, including Fascinating San Francisco, America's coolest summer city, with its picturesque water front, merchantmen from overseas, mighty men-o'-war, lusty-lunged tramp steamers, stately liners off for Hawaii and the Orient; Yosemite and others of California's four magnificent national parks; the Giant Redwood forests, the world's oldest and largest living things; Beautiful Lake Tahoe and the country made famous by Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" and Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp"; Mt. Shasta, fourth highest peak in the United States; the Spanish Missions, including Mission Dolores in San Francisco, Carmel Mission, Mission San Jose and others—shrines of a romantic age.

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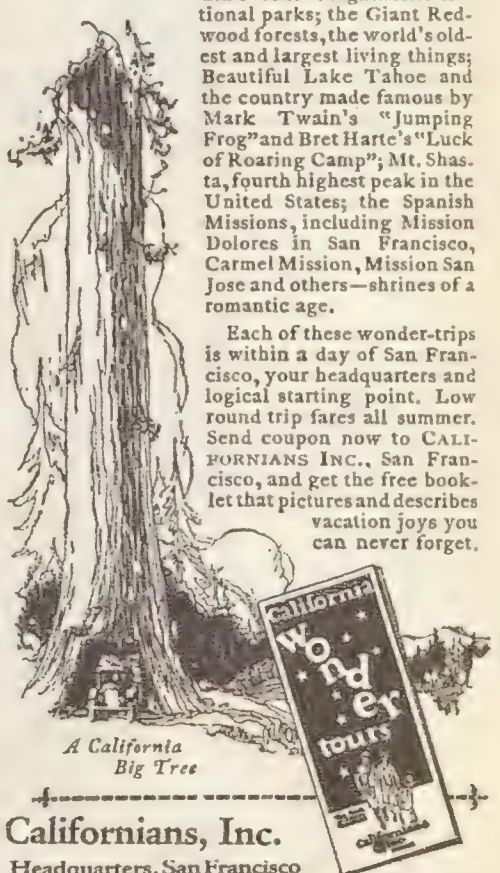

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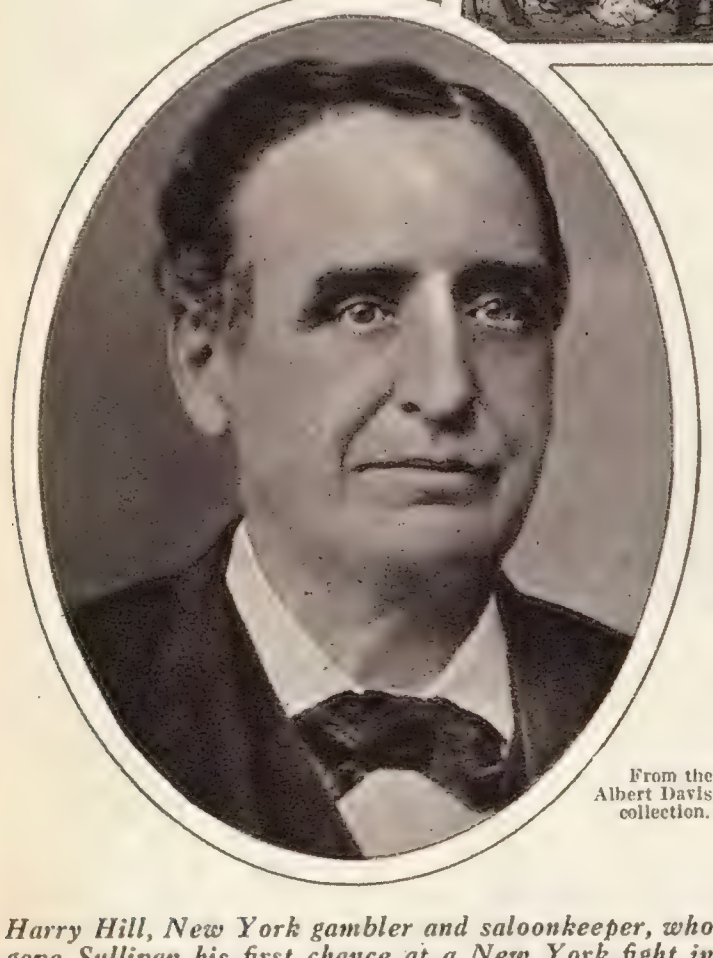
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Sullivan was eager, and the following challenge was published in the *Enquirer:*

> I am prepared to make a match to fight any man breathing for any sum from a thousand to ten thousand dollars a side at any weight, anywhere, and under any conditions. This challenge is especially directed to Paddy Ryan and will remain open until he sees fit to accept it.
>
> JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Then, hearing that Ryan was in Springfield, Massachusetts, with a variety show, Sullivan and Madden raced back East. The first week in January, 1881, Sullivan met Ryan in a saloon and defied him to battle.

"You go and get a reputation before coming to me," the champion replied, coining the phrase which has been the out for scores of hesitant titleholders.



From the Albert Davis collection.

Harry Hill, New York gambler and saloonkeeper, who gave Sullivan his first chance at a New York fight in his place on Houston Street.

"A reputation!" Sullivan roared. "Why, you bum, who did you ever lick?"

This was, indeed, a stunner, for, incredible as it seems, Ryan had only five professional fights in all his career! His first was with Goss; he met Sullivan thrice, and he later lost to Joe McAuliffe. That is, he was the champion and won only one fight. His case is unrivaled in pugilism.

"Well, I'm the champion," Ryan retorted, "and I won't fight with unknowns."

They had a tough time getting Sullivan out of the saloon. But he stopped at the door and hurled back this warning:

"I'll get you yet, and when I do I'll kill you with my bare fists! I'll get such a reputation you'll have to fight me inside a year."

Then Sullivan started out on a devastating crusade among the nation's heavyweights, his exploits during the next ten months making him famous around the world.

He and Madden went on to Boston, where the newspapers, generally tight on space for stories about prize fighters, generously mentioned John L.'s return from his victory over Donaldson and his pursuit of Ryan. Roxbury threw its hat into the air with a yell. The sports of that suburb and of Boston decided

A corner in the wine room of Harry Hill's famous variety and dance hall at the corner of Houston and Crosby Streets, New York, where Sullivan knocked out Steve Taylor, crack local heavyweight, before a capacity audience.

to do the handsome thing, and arranged a benefit at which John L. sparred with Goss.

Three days later Sullivan and his manager started for New York, that cynical citadel which must be stormed and captured before the rest of America can be certain whether its own local celebrities are genuine gems or genuine junk.

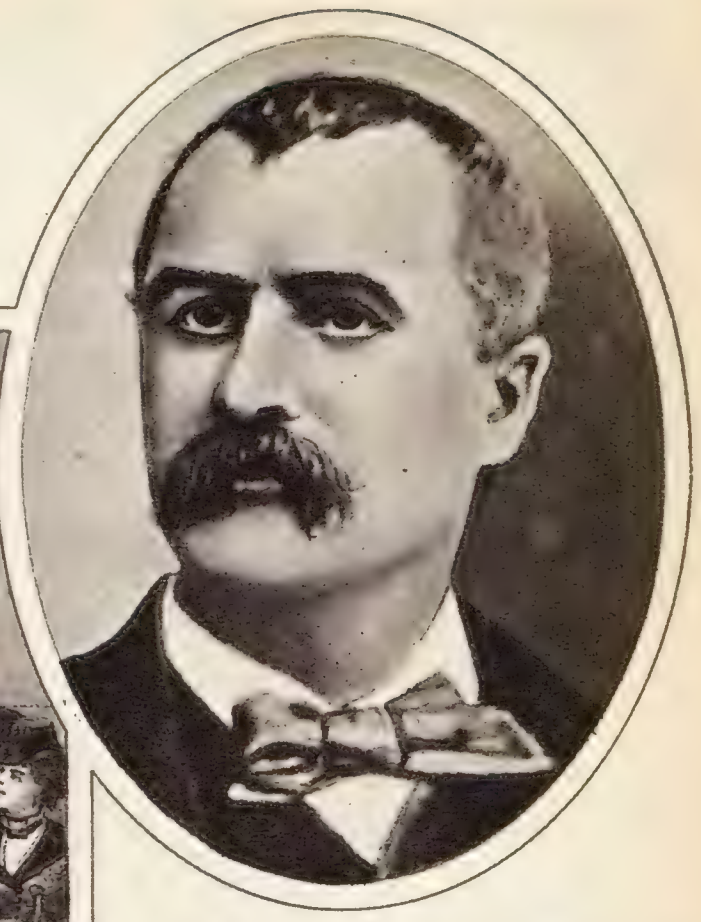
"John," said Billy, as the train pulled into New York, "it's all right to come here saying we can fight, but until New York decides you can you can't. We've got to do something nobody ever did before. This is the wisest town in the world, even if it is the biggest country village, and it likes new toys. We've got to do something besides beating up a cop to show we can fight."

SULLIVAN'S rejoinder justifies the observation that sporting editors of today would do well to canonize John L., since it was to chronicle his achievements that newspaper owners established the sporting department. Before his time there was no section of the paper exclusively devoted to sporting news. But so dominating was the personality of the Boston Strong Boy, and so astounding were his feats in the arena and his adventures outside of it, that editors finally began to group baseball scores, racing news and similar items around the stories of John L. Sullivan's activities.

"Well, if New York must have new toys," Sullivan said, "let's bet 'em there isn't a man here or anywhere on earth that I can't knock out in four rounds. And if I don't do it the promoters needn't pay me anything, either."

We've used that word "knockout" full many a time since John L. coined it that day, even if now we hear less—in fact, not a word—about that business of fighting for nothing. Much shall be told about the Big Fellow's willingness to fight for nothing, as contrasted with the mercenary mediocrities of today.

Madden descended on Park Row, where the big newspapers were located, with the



John Boyle O'Reilly, famous Boston poet and friend of John L. in the early days of the latter's start in pugilism. He claims to have been the first man to see in Sullivan the possibilities of a world's champion fighter. He composed several odes about "The Boston Strong Boy."

startling announcement that he would give fifty dollars to any man whom John L. Sullivan failed to knock out in four rounds. Even greater sensation was aroused by the challenge among those sophisticated skeptics who frequented what was probably the most celebrated and popular sporting rendezvous in America at the time, Harry Hill's famous saloon, gambling hall, and boxing club in Houston Street near the Bowery.

MADDEN introduced the Strong Boy to the shrewd proprietor, who was surprised when he saw that the Boston terror was a quiet, unpretentious youth of twenty-two and a half years, who bore none of the disfiguring marks of his profession, who drank only a little ale, and who had nothing to say until Hill asked him if he thought he had a chance with Ryan.

John's eyes suddenly turned black, the nostrils of his big arched nose expanded, and his jaw muscles bulged.

"Hill," he said slowly, "I can whip Ryan or any man that walks, for money, marbles, or chalk. All I ask is a chance to show here some night; and I'll give fifty dollars to any man I can't knock out in four rounds."

"It's never been done before," said the gambler.

"There's never been a man like me before," replied Sullivan.

They stared at each other. Hill smiled.

"Well, I'll give you a chance. We'll get up a benefit for you, say, on March 31. We call every glove fight here in New York a benefit, to keep the cops off us. That'll give you two weeks to get ready; and whether you make good or not your challenge will draw a big crowd. I'll tell you, though, we have some hard customers in this town, and they'll leap at your offer."

"Thank you for the date," Sullivan said. "I'll be there when the leaping starts."

John disappeared for a fortnight to train. Meantime, the smart sports of New York, whose confidence in their sagacity makes them the prime suckers of the universe, had resolved to fatten their bank rolls at the expense

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

of the delegation of sports coming from Boston and Roxbury to back the Strong Boy. They quietly prepared Steve Taylor, a crack local heavyweight, for the slaughter of the cocksure stranger.

The night of the benefit Hill's place was packed. Clad in white tights with a green shamrock on his left hip, John climbed into the ring on the elevated platform in the center of the big hall.

Head erect and gazing steadily out over the smoke and tumult, he stood at ease beside the announcer, while his yelling backers and the shouting New York scoffers flashed fists full of bank notes as they milled about, betting heavily but stopping betimes to eye the heavy-shouldered, slender-flanked, hook-nosed youth under the brilliant lights.

APRONED waiters, trays aloft, dashed to and fro through the bedlam; colored men at a piano and with banjoes jangled out contemporaneous tunes; and in the balcony at one side gayly garbed women pressed ample, powder-white bosoms against their bejeweled arms crossed on the railing and stared at the sporting and business men around the ringside.

One of them, a handsome brown-eyed young woman, confided to several actresses with her, that she was from Natick, Massachusetts, and had seen Sullivan pointed out on the streets of Boston. She never took her eyes off him the rest of the evening.

Silence came suddenly when the Joe Humphries or Billy Jordan of 1881—depending on whether this is being read in New York or San Francisco—stepped to the ropes and lifted his hand.

"Gents," he said, "this young man is John L. Sullivan of Boston. He comes to New York with an unusual offer. He says he'll give fifty dollars to any man who can stand before him for four rounds, and won't take a penny of the thousand dollars we are offering tonight if he fails, before the fifth round, to knock out any man who will get in the ring with him. He also asks me to say that if Paddy Ryan is in the house tonight his challenge is especially directed to him.

"Well, you've heard the offer. Anybody here want to accept?"

In the commotion which followed everybody looked at Paddy Ryan, who was leaning against the long bar under the balcony. He laughed and waved dissent. Then the sly local sports looked at Steve Taylor.

"I'll fight him," Taylor said, climbing into the ring.

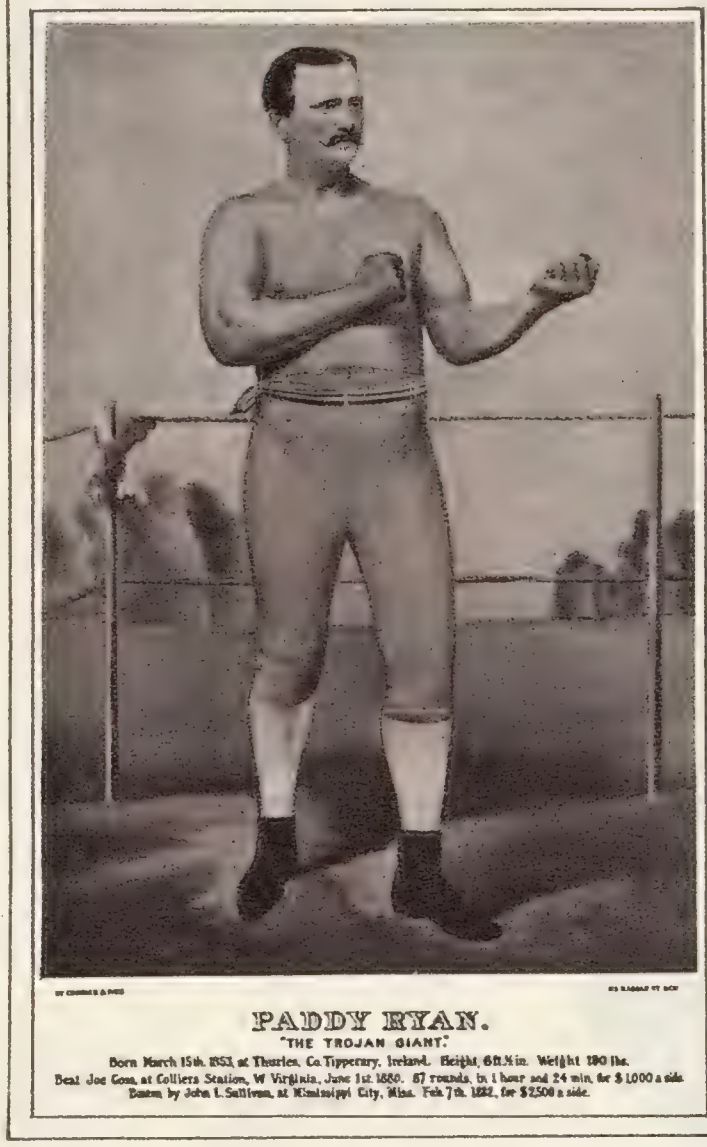
"Aren't you going to put on tights?" the announcer asked.

"I've got 'em on," Steve answered, grinning. "Wait till I kick off my pants."

Sullivan looked sharply at Taylor as he disrobed. He realized at once that Taylor had been trained to make a killing. His lips curled.

"Who'll be referee?" the announcer asked Madden, who, with Goss, was in Sullivan's corner.

"What's the difference?" John asked. "I've brought my own referee."



PADDY RYAN.
"THE TROJAN GIANT."
Born March 15th, 1853, at Thurles, Co. Tipperary, Ireland. Height, 6 ft. ¾ in. Weight 190 lbs.
Beat Joe Goss, at Colliers Station, W. Virginia, June 1st, 1880. 87 rounds, in 1 hour and 24 min. for $1,000 a side.
Beaten by John L. Sullivan, at Mississippi City, Miss. Feb. 7th, 1882, for $2,500 a side.

Paddy Ryan, holder of the world's heavyweight championship from June 1, 1880, to February 7, 1882, when he was knocked out by Sullivan in eleven minutes and seven seconds—one of the shortest contests that ever decided a world's championship heavyweight battle.

Taylor and the plunging New Yorkers looked up startled.

"Here's my referee!" cried John, holding up his right fist. It was another innovation in prize-ring argot often imitated in later years, by none so successfully as Sam Langford.

FINALLY Matt Grace, the famous collar and elbow wrestler, was selected as referee. He informed the two fighters and the spectators that the bout was Marquis of Queensberry rules—that is, rounds of three minutes each, with one minute intermission.

Grace clapped his hands and called "Time!" Sullivan at once raced across the ring and Taylor's strategy immediately was apparent—he was out to last the four rounds and save his backers. John L. laughed and took up the pursuit. Steve was a great fighter, and when Sullivan finally worked him into a corner he let fly with his left. It landed and he tried to cross with his right, but John ducked it and came up inside, his right uppercut nearly obliterating Taylor's face. The crowd groaned when Sullivan stepped back and in with such a dynamic right to the heart that Steve's body bent double. He hung on desperately until the referee separated them.

In the second round Taylor legged it again, turned savagely when John caught him, and landed a stiff punch to the chin. Sullivan merely laughed, jabbed twice with his left, made an opening and shot his right through flush to the jaw. Taylor's head snapped back, his body arching as his heels left the floor, and he hit the platform with a jarring crash, knocked cold as an undertaker's heart.

THE crowd went wild. Never had such deadly relentlessness, such catlike speed and such terrific punching been seen in New York. They cheered madly while Sullivan picked up the limp body of his opponent and handed it to his seconds. Suddenly a voice was heard from the group surrounding Hill near the bar. Billy Borst, a well-known matchmaker for boxing clubs, was speaking.

"I'll give a purse of two thousand five hundred dollars for a fight between Sullivan and John Flood, the best heavyweight in New York. He's out of town tonight. Has any Boston man present got two thousand five hundred dollars he'd like to put up against mine for a match?"

"I have two thousand five hundred dollars, or any other amount you can raise here," said Jim Keenan, stepping forward.

"You're on," Borst nodded. "Meet me here tomorrow and we'll put up the money with Hill."

The fourth installment, to appear next week, will include the story of how Sullivan met the woman who became his first wife, while he was training for a fight with John Flood, New York's best heavyweight; his meeting with Arthur Chambers, old English heavyweight champion, who exercised a remarkable influence over Sullivan; how Sullivan was sent for by Parson Davies of Chicago to meet two fighters in that city, and how he whipped the gangsters.

Spring is Waiting Just Around the Corner

Some morning pretty soon now, when you open your front door, you will sense a new feeling in the air; the smell of upturned earth, a patch of green here and there; it will get into your blood, and your hands will itch for garden tools and a paint brush.

Then is the time to think of paint. Look back at your home from the street and picture it with a fresh coat of clean, crisp, white paint.

And you'll want to be sure that it *is* white and *stays* white, so think in terms of Zinc-O-Lith, for Zinc-O-Lith is a better kind of paint and, what is just as important nowadays, it will cost you less money.

Zinc-O-Lith costs you less in the first place, saves more by covering more and covering better, retains its glossy finish, and at the end of its long life presents a perfect surface for repainting, so that you save again.

Surely these are reasons why you should see the Zinc-O-Lith dealer in your locality.

The GLIDDEN Companies

PAINTS — VARNISHES — STAINS — ENAMELS

The greatest job an organization has is to consistently satisfy its customers. We've grown from one to thirteen factories. We must have done our job pretty well. Anyway, we are very thankful for the loyality our customers have shown us.

Adrian D. Joyce
President

The Glidden Company
Cleveland

Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company
Chicago

Adams & Elting Company
Chicago

Campbell Paint & Varnish Company
St. Louis

T. L. Blood & Company
St. Paul

The American Paint Works
New Orleans

Twin City Varnish Company
St. Paul

The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co.
Cleveland

The A. Wilhelm Company
Reading

Nubian Paint & Varnish Company
Chicago

In Canada:
The Glidden Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Zinc-O-Lith - THE PAINT THAT'S ALL PAINT

This view of the formal gardens and west facade of the home of Judge Morgan J. O'Brien at Southampton, L. I., illustrates one of the main problems in curtaining windows of the modern house (as explained below). (The marriage of Judge O'Brien's son Kenneth to Miss Kathryn Mackay will be recalled as one of the notable events of the past social season.)

When a garden complicates your curtain problem

THE formal gardens of Judge Morgan J. O'Brien's Southampton estate, shown above, indicate the problem to be solved in curtaining the windows of the O'Brien home—or most homes for that matter.

Such a view demands a highly transparent curtain—a curtain which will give the desired privacy to the room with the least possible interference with the view.

Naturally, only a net or lace curtain will serve such a purpose. And the obvious suggestion is the use of a plain Quaker Filet net.

Indeed, such a choice might be called the "safe' course. The plain filet would give the desired privacy without obstructing the view of the delightful garden.

But like most "safe" courses in decoration it has one fault—it lacks that individuality which is, after all, the essence of good decoration.

In selecting Quaker Overtone Net in a burnt orange overtone, Judge O'Brien has obtained the essential transparency and privacy (the distinctive features of all net—or lace—curtainings) plus an expression of personality lacking in a plain fabric.

The illustration on the opposite page gives a fair idea of the happiness of the selection—at least as good an idea as can ever be gotten from an illustration. For the beauty of a curtain is not an obvious beauty; the curtain itself must be seen to be appreciated; in that very fact lies its charm.

One thing more: Quaker curtains are made for every type of house, made in many styles and at the widest range of price, but always in one quality. The name Quaker on a curtain or net is a quality index like the karat mark in solid gold.

QUAKER LACE COMPANY

Lace Works and Accounting Rooms:
4th Street and Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wholesale Sales Rooms:
890 Broadway, corner 19th Street, New York City

Quaker Overtone Net here solves a typical curtain problem: It affords complete privacy, though it is transparent enough to permit a charming view of the owner's garden; and it has just enough color to diffuse a soft warm light throughout the room.

"Decorators' Methods of Window Curtaining" a booklet by Philip H. Pratt, Head of the Dept. of Design, Pratt Institute, will be mailed to you on request.

QUAKER LACE COMPANY

Lace Works and Accounting Rooms:
4th Street and Lehigh Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wholesale Sales Rooms:
890 Broadway, corner 19th Street, New York City

Eat more toast

right at your own table -quick,-hot, brown, crisp, delicious!

Sterno Makes it Snappy

TOAST is advocated by medical authorities. It promotes mastication. This aids digestion of bread, "The staff of life." The Sterno Toaster with Sterno Canned Heat, makes toast as fast as you please. "Instant Cooking" is the prime function of Sterno, whether it's toast or any of the many good things to eat.

Delicious, brown, crispy, piping hot toast—that's the way Sterno makes it. Right at the table. As much as you want, as fast as you want, when you want it. No running to the kitchen stove. Bother-proof, failure-proof.

The millions who use the Sterno Stove, with Sterno Canned Heat, find it equally adaptable, indoors and outdoors, for every form of cooking. You can use Sterno for light ironing, heating baby's milk, on trains, in hotels, heating curling irons. Warming lunch at the office, shop or factory. Picnics, fishing, hiking, entertaining.

Sterno Canned Heat will prove itself to you as eminently practical day after day. It makes no heat. Its flame is steady and hot. All it does is give *heat, heat, heat* and *cook, cook, cook,* at a constant saving of time and trouble.

Read the Sterno "Blue Ribbon" Special offer in panel to right. Get a Sterno Toaster and Stove at a bargain.

10c per can—In Canada 15c, Far West 2 for 25c

STERNO CANNED HEAT

THE DAILY FUEL OF A THOUSAND USES

STERNO Blue Ribbon SPECIAL

April 1st to 30th Only

This

25c Sterno 3 piece Folding Stove Outfit With this

25c Sterno Toaster

All For 35¢

50c Value

THIS bargain offer is for month of April only—Sterno Toaster has folding handle. Sterno Stove folds flat.

Go to Your Dealer

for this Blue Ribbon bargain at special price of 35c, or send to us direct if your dealer cannot supply you. After April 30th price of this combination is 50c.

STERNO CORPORATION
Dept. 260
9 East 37th St., New York City

$50,000 for AN IDEA

for a Story Suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture

Here's What Pola Negri Thinks of Liberty's Newest and Greatest Contest OPEN TO Everybody, Everywhere

POLA NEGRI

The Most Remarkable Offer of its Kind Ever Made You do not Have to be a Writer to Compete

Have you entered Liberty's sensational new contest? Here is an opportunity for someone—perhaps yourself—to acquire both riches and world-wide fame. No experience as a writer is necessary. All you need is an idea.

The following is the third of a series of weekly articles by celebrated screen stars, giving valuable hints on what kind of ideas make the best stories. You should not miss a single article. Read the rules. They will tell you exactly how to proceed.

By POLA NEGRI

The Paramount star who has often been called "The Most Interesting Woman on the Screen."

MY FAVORITE screen story is a story of an interesting woman. The class of society to which she belongs is unimportant. But she must be ambitious, intelligent, and fond of life; and the plot of the story should present some difficulty, or problem, which she can overcome.

My only other expectation is to find that the story is true to life. The location of the plot and the time of the action are secondary.

In my current Paramount picture, The Charmer, the locations are Spain and New York. The time is the present, but it might be any period within the past fifty years. The character is that of a Spanish girl, a dancer. She attracts the attention of some American tourists in Spain and is brought to New York where her dancing makes her a sensation. She is sought by two men—a millionaire and his chauffeur. She is forced to endure insults and ridicule and, finally, to extricate herself from a most dangerous situation into which her own obstinacy has carried her.

Many women have interesting experiences of this sort in their own lives. Shop girls, stenographers, clerks in department stores, all have problems to meet and solve. And, usually, a problem in life is a plot for a story.

To be "original" isn't necessary. I don't mean that an idea should be copied from somebody else. But I do mean that men and women, in their relations to each other, have few new problems to discover. A good story is seldom freakish. The best stories are little bits out of real life.

Perhaps you know such a story. If so, I hope you'll send it in, because I'd like to portray a true experience in the life of a truly interesting woman.

Here Is the Way Everybody May Enter Liberty's Greatest Contest

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.

Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less.* By "synopsis" we mean, tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the synopsis that wins the prize and the complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story. If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William de Mille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person, regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

Next Week: D. W. GRIFFITH, the Most Famous Film Director in the World, Tells How to Write the Kind of Story on Which His Success Has Been Built

The Lost World

A Motion Picture Review

By ALVA TAYLOR

From the Story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Photography Directed by Arthur Edeson
Directed by Harry O. Hoyt
A First National Picture by Arrangement with Watterson R. Rothacker

The CAST:

Paula White	*Bessie Love*
Ed Malone	*Lloyd Hughes*
Sir John Roxton	*Lewis Stone*
Professor Challenger	*Wallace Beery*
Professor Summerlee	*Arthur Hoyt*
Mrs. Challenger	*Margaret McWade*
Austin	*Finch Smiles*
Zambo	*Jules Cowles*
Apeman	*Bull Montana*
Colin McArdle	*George Bunny*
Major Hibbard	*Charles Wellesly*
Gladys Hungerford	*Alma Bennett*

A nerve-shaking battle with one of the giant animals in The Lost World.

THE motion picture is everybody's dog and is booted about with a good deal of scorn until, with no particular excitement, it turns upon its critics with such a production as The Lost World, the First National production of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's fantastic adventure story made possible by the researches into camera technique on the part of Watterson R. Rothacker, a young film magnate and student of motion pictures. Only the screen could have brought to life so awe-inspiringly the horrible plateau of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's imagination, over which in the twentieth century roamed all of the saurian monsters of the Jurassic Age!

The first view of brontosaurus, the great harmless thunder lizard, "harmless," as Professor Challenger says, "unless he should happen to step on us," is tremendous.

The animation of the giant lizards is marvelous. In one scene a great meat-eater stands glaring on its hind legs looking for prey. A pterodactyl, the scavenger bird of the past, flutters too low. A spring, and the dinosaur has caught the creature and with claws and saw teeth rends it to bits.

The story, as is usually the case with a picture of this kind, is completely submerged by the camera work. The swarthy, stocky, black-bearded Professor Challenger, splendidly played by Wallace Beery, is heckled by students and professors in London at a lecture of his in which he asserts he discovered a lost plateau in South America.

In a furious burst of temper, Challenger assails the students as cowards and dares anyone to volunteer to go back with him to the jungle. Professor Summerlee (Arthur Hoyt), a zoölogist and Challenger's bitter enemy, responds. So do Ed Malone (Lloyd Hughes), a newspaper reporter, ambitious to do great things for the sake of his lady love, and Sir John Roxton (Lewis Stone), a hunter and explorer. The last member of the party is Paula White (Bessie Love), daughter of the American explorer Maple White, who first discovered the plateau and was lost upon it. This is the only serious liberty which has been taken with the book.

From the moment that the adventurers scale the promontory which parallels the plateau, and fell the giant tree which serves them as a bridge to this land of mystery, only a few minutes later to see their first thunder lizard pick up the link that binds them to civilization and hurl it crashing into the gulf, to the time of their escape, one thrill succeeds another. There are a nerve-shaking midnight battle with one of the giant carnivorous animals, countless graphic fights between the lizards, a volcanic eruption which sends the dinosaurs racing madly and ponderously for safety, and a struggle on a cliff between an allosaurus and a brontosaurus in which the thunder lizard is sent hurtling into the muck below.

Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Edeson, the camera director of this phantasy. His work stands out as a great piece of cinema creation.

NEXT WEEK:

IS LOVE EVERYTHING?

Released by Associated Exhibitors

Mortal Enemies on the Picture Screen

Captions by Alva Taylor

EDUCATED to a heroine's estate by Paramount, Virginia Lee Corbin (above), a blonde beauty who has grown up with the movies, wanders from film to film, the toy of authors who insist that the happy ending consists of the two virtuous parties embracing against the setting sun.

DO YOU remember the days when Louise Glaum used to cause the ladies in the audience to shake their heads and say "Isn't she awful?" Those were the days when vamps were vamps. Illness kept Miss Glaum away for a time. Now she will return in Fifty-Fifty, an Associated Exhibitors' picture.

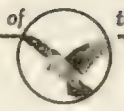
Edwin Bower Hesser Photos.

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo.

HEREDITARY ENEMY of the vampire, Wanda Hawley, who specializes in the heroine who walks off with the best looking male in the cast, will be seen shortly in Universal's Smoldering Fires.

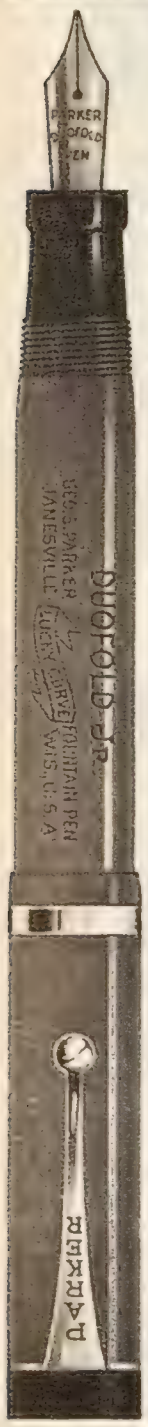
Waxman Photo

IN THE eternal movie struggle between the vamps and the ingenues, Miss Olive Borden (above), vampire extraordinary for Mr. Hal Roach, perpetrates an enormous amount of damage before right finally triumphs and the sweet young thing with the baby stare gets the handsome man.

Rivals the beauty of  *the Scarlet Tanager*

8 Men out of 10

Picked the Duofold Blindfolded



From 11 New Pens of Different Makes

"I believe that the hand can tell this super-smooth writer sight unseen," declared a Duofold owner — and he proved it!

YES, ten men, chosen at random, agreed to make this test with 11 large pens obtained from dealers' stocks; and were blindfolded in the presence of several witnesses.

Each man wrote with all 11 pens, one by one, on an ordinary note pad. And one by one he laid them all aside until only a single pen remained in his hand — the pen he ranked as the smoothest, most inspiring writer.

Then the blindfold was removed. And man after man, with but two exceptions, glanced down to behold in his hand the flashing black-tipted lacquer-red Parker Duofold, with 25-year guaranteed point.

Never before a pen selection so unbiased as this. No one behind a counter to urge this pen or that. Not even the Duofold's famed name or handsome color visible to sway the hand's Simon-pure judgment.

You, too, can tell this super-smooth point with your eyes shut. Step to the nearest pen counter now and try it.

Duofold Jr. (illustrated) or slender Lady Duofold $5

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
Duofold Pencils to match: Lady, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50 "Big Brother" Over-size, $4
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, LONDON

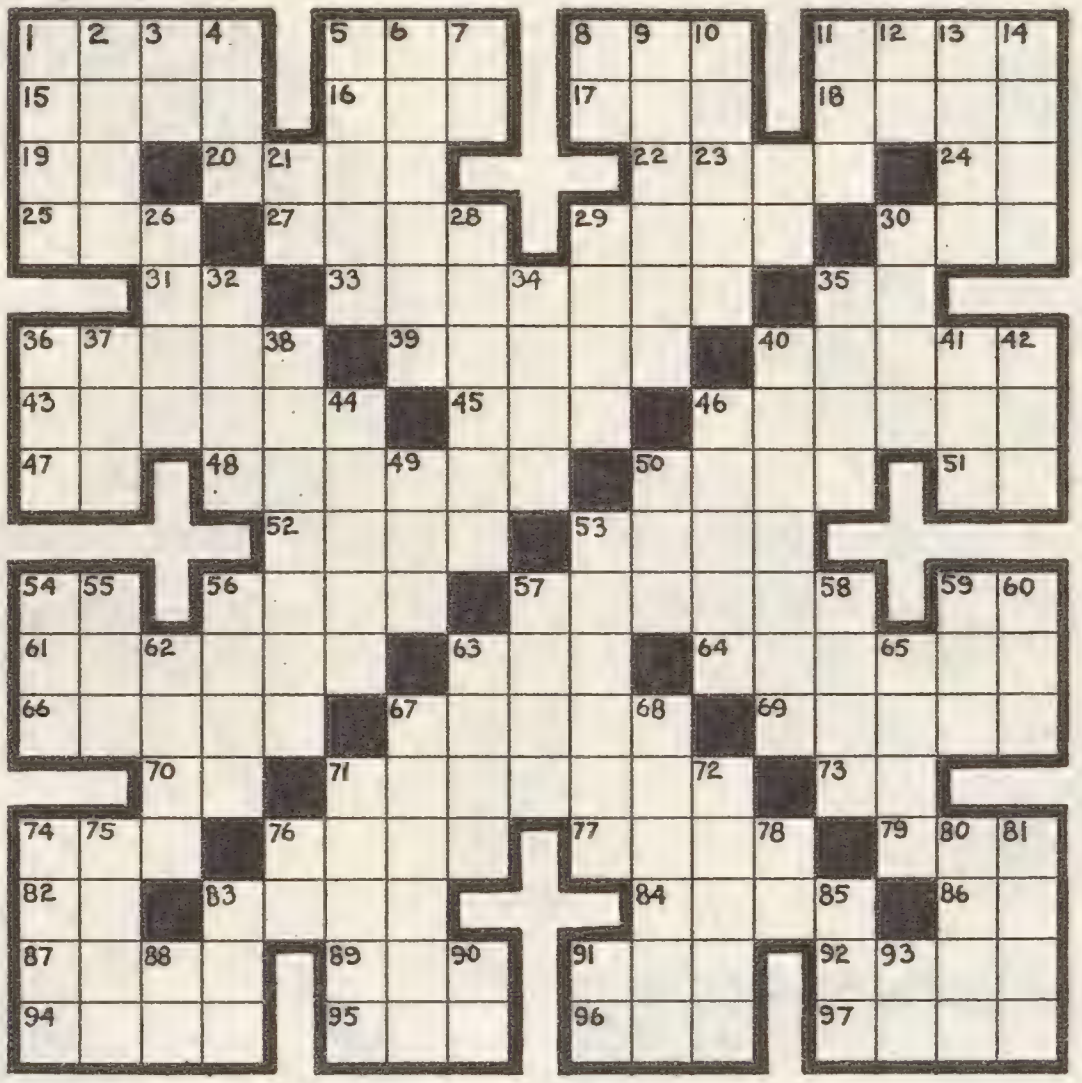
Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE OVER-SIZE **$7**
With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5 — Same except for size
Lady Duofold $5 — With ring for chatelaine

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 22

"THE best laid schemes o' mice and cross-word puzzlers gang aft a-gley." Isn't it the truth? When you are positively certain that 69 Horizontal "to utter or sound in a low, monotonous tone" is no other than "groan" you come to Vertical 60, defined as "a kind of poem," and realize that no "kind of poem" is an "odn." To steer you away from this snag we will tell you that "to utter or sound in a low, monotonous tone" is "drone." Which makes the poem an "ode."

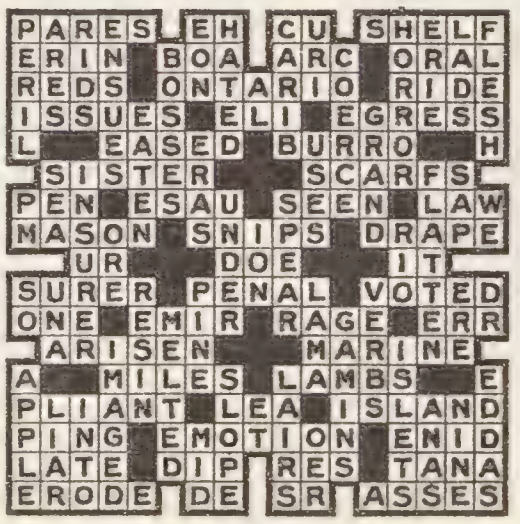


HORIZONTAL

1 A make-believe
5 To thrust with violence
8 A monkey
11 The face of a timepiece
15 Italian coin [plural]
16 Feminine proper name
17 At this time
18 In
19 A city of ancient Chaldea
20 To carry
22 A quantity of paper
24 Belonging to
25 Always [poetic form]
27 A vast amount of money
29 A civil wrong
30 Quick to learn
31 Above
33 Fragrant
35 A conjunction
36 Summer seat of the government of India
39 Aquatic birds
40 Suitors
43 A supporting frame [plural]
45 Before
46 A passageway connecting two large bodies of water
47 A measure of type
48 Array
50 Demonstrative word
51 Near
52 The fruiting spikes of a cereal
53 Observed
54 Syllable indicating a note of the musical scale
56 A large lake in North America
57 Principles
59 Accomplish
61 Smoothed or pressed, as a fabric
63 Possess
64 Looked intently
66 Frozen
67 A bodice
69 To utter or sound in a low, monotonous tone
70 A small carplike fish of Europe
71 A numeral
73 A printer's measure
74 Self
76 Fowls
77 Congealed water from the atmosphere
79 The foot of a quadruped
82 Above and in contact with
83 Saucy
84 At sea
86 In this manner
87 Part of the neck
89 A gold coin of Portugal
91 To freeze
92 Prepared fiber from the husk of coconut
94 To pack
95 Refuse
96 Administered nutrition
97 A conjunction

VERTICAL

1 To turn or twist about
2 To purchase the use of anything
3 A measure of area
4 Joined
5 Proportion
6 Recompense
7 Possessive pronoun
8 One of a number
9 Full of pores
10 Pitchers
11 Not bright or distinct
12 Within
13 On top of
14 An upper floor of a warehouse
21 A mystic syllable used by Hindus in religious rites
23 By
26 Alcoholic liquor [plural]
28 Spires
29 The character of a sound
30 Open space about a building
32 Entreaty
34 Unusual
35 Those things which we possess
36 The jurisdiction of a bishop
37 The Gaelic form of John
38 Changed
40 Restricted to a scant allowance
41 Vein or nerve of a leaf
42 An enclosure
44 Sedate
46 A domestic animal
49 Anger
50 A numeral
53 Sensibilities
54 A fruit
55 A form of "to be"
56 A female character in Tennyson's Idylls of the King
57 To taunt
58 Withered
59 A squalid place of resort
60 A kind of poem
62 A meat and vegetable stew
63 Simpletons
65 To play boisterously
67 A season of the year
68 The best and third best cards of a suit held in one hand
71 Combining form; iron
72 Sniffed
74 Infinite periods of time
75 A small fly
76 Pronoun
78 Ourselves
80 A continent
81 Displaying signs of use
83 Seating compartment in a church
85 Division of a drama
88 A river of Italy
90 That thing
91 In case that
93 An exclamation



Answer to Puzzle No. 21

$100 a Week

He Started By Getting a YORK SAXOPHONE on 6 DAYS FREE TRIAL

10 Months to Pay for a York

Everywhere, good saxophone players are needed for jazz bands, hotel orchestras, military bands, etc. Become a proficient player and it is easy for you to make $50 to $60 a week in spare time, or two or three times that amount full time. And now, you can find out for yourself how easy it is to learn the saxophone, for you can get the famous York Saxophone on 6 days' free trial in your own home.

Easy Payments Then, after testing out its easy fingering and playing qualities, after noting its perfect intonation, its superb tonal quality, if you decide to keep it you can have almost a whole year to pay. Send at once for our beautifully illustrated literature. Simply fill out and mail coupon. Any other York instrument will be sent you on these terms also. No obligation.

J. W. YORK & SONS,
DEPT. 2225-D, GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.
Please send me Free Literature describing
.....
(Mention instrument interested in)
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State.....

$16 a day And an Essex Coach Given

Yes, $16 a day. Here is an opportunity to make big money handling the business in your community for the famous Jennings Guaranteed Hosiery.
New plan brings big earnings and enables you to start without experience or training. Here is your chance to have an easy, pleasant, profitable business of your own.

Amazing Profits for Spare Time

Even in your spare time you can make $30 to $50 a week. Our plan shows you how. It saves you time. No capital is needed. All you do is take orders from our customers. We do the rest. We help you to build a big list of regular buyers, insuring a large weekly income.

Wonderful Values

Jennings Hosiery is known everywhere. By dealing direct we offer customers amazing values and low prices that get orders in every home. Sensational guarantee. Hosiery must make good or we replace it free.

Write Today

Don't send any money. Write now for the Jennings Plan. We furnish everything. Our offer provides wonderful assortment of beautiful samples without cost. If you want a real money-making proposition, a high-grade business and big profits of $16 a day or more, just mail the coupon.

THE FRANK B. JENNINGS CO.
Hose Q-26 Dayton, Ohio

Mail This Coupon Now

The Frank B. Jennings Co.,
Hose Q-26 Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me, without cost or obligation, complete details of your proposition to representatives.
Name .....
Address .....

They found themselves squatted about the lantern in the abandoned stable near Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, with nearly two and one-half million dollars in loot piled up before them.

CHAPMAN

The Story of a SUPERCROOK

PART TWO

"Putting Down" the Loot

By EDWARD H. SMITH

Picture by DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

THIS is the life story of an outlaw who, the police and federal authorities agree, is the greatest criminal of his time—as suave and clever as Raffles, as ruthless and desperate as Morgan of the Spanish Main.

In the first installment of Mr. Smith's narrative, Chapman's career was traced from his birth in New York City thirty-seven years ago to the time of his arrest for the Leonard Street registered mail robbery in New York. Chapman and his two associates escaped in an auto, fled to an abandoned Long Island farm and sorted their loot. After the three men were traced and arrested, Loeber, one of the trio, had been led to believe that Chapman had been killed attempting to escape. But in reality Chapman had been recaptured.

A feature of Chapman's younger days was his association in prison with an educated criminal, George Anderson—a friendship destined to affect the future of both men and make them associates in crime.

THE REAL difficulties of the criminal confront him after his crime. The planning of a great robbery requires patience and ordinary shrewdness. The execution demands a certain dash and daring. These are the striking and intoxicating episodes in the history of every bold breaking of the law which have enchanted the people in all times, for they require just such qualities as the run of mankind possesses and understands. But when the thief has done his deed he must have in reserve other powers and capacities, much more vital to him and, fortunately, much more rare.

When Gerald Chapman, George Anderson, and Charles Loeber found themselves squatted about the lantern in the abandoned stable near Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, with nearly two and one-half million dollars in loot piled up before them, they were face to face with a double problem.

Only a small amount of the plunder was cash. A little more was in the form of jewelry. All the rest consisted of stocks and bonds. The stock certificates were burned on the spot as being too dangerous to handle.

But there remained about one million seven hundred thousand dollars worth of convertible bonds of all sorts. How to turn these into cash? How to do it without being caught?

There was a time, not so long ago, when the bank burglar who had taken a few bonds from some cracked safe went to his favorite dive or hangout keeper, turned over the bonds for twenty cents on the dollar, and went his way, knowing that his friend would resell them to some connection in a distant town, or abroad, where they would eventually find their way back into the market. All this was simple and direct. It worked as long as not many bonds were stolen and not many were thus "fenced."

BUT times have changed. The old underworld is gone. The hangouts are closed.

Today about five million dollars worth of negotiable bonds are stolen every year—perhaps much more. If there were no practicable and fairly safe way of converting them into cash they would not be taken.

As a matter of fact, there exists in the underworld of today a most complex and carefully schemed organization which is in a position to handle stolen valuables of any kind, so long as they are in sufficient bulk.

The headquarters of this fences' syndicate is in New York, but it has its agents and representatives in all parts of the country. The heads of the organization are not divekeepers

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SLYKER
METAL
Radiator Furniture

EVERY home owner enthuses over the beauty of SLYKER Radiator Furniture. But attractiveness is only one admired feature. It also prevents the costly soiling of delicate draperies and walls, and keeps heated air moist, comfortable, healthful. A patented humidifier under top serves this double purpose. Your radiators are entirely concealed in artistic cabinets, without loss of heating efficiency. Made entirely of Furniture Steel, finished in six coats of oil enamel, baked on. You have choice of three styles. Cane Grille is pictured. Finishes in shades of Mahogany, Walnut, Ivory or White—to harmonize with your room decorations. Converts radiators into useful seats or consoles. Write us for name of nearest dealer where samples may be seen. We will send you descriptive book in colors upon request.

SCHLEICHER, *Inc.* (Dept. A-8) GARY, INDIANA

boys! earn your own spending money

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5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

You can sell Liberty Magazine and also have a regular weekly income just like this boy. Just work after school delivering Liberty to customers. You don't need any experience or money. We furnish bag and magazines. Wonderful free prizes also given away: bicycles, radios, musical instruments, sporting goods. Why not start at once? Send coupon today for full details and catalog of Free Prizes.

Mail This Coupon

Liberty, Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square, Chicago, Ill.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

or common rascals. They may be gamblers or speculators or race track commissioners. They are also men of money, with considerable investments in the big city, with staffs of shrewd and unprincipled lawyers at their beck and call, with resources of information about influential people. They have pull with the police and the politicians.

Chapman and Anderson were in touch with at least one of the first rank members of this syndicate before they committed the Leonard Street robbery.

CHAPMAN and his friends did not commit the huge banditry which brought them their evil celebrity without taking careful thought of their connections with the syndicate and gauging its capacity to take care of their loot. They knew this syndicate had managed to dispose of the several millions of dollars worth of bonds taken out of Wall Street by messenger boys believed to have been in collusion with a well-known sporting character and his superiors.

But the bandits in this case did not work exclusively with the master fences. After all, the syndicate makes the robber pay for his security. It will take his loot and practically guarantee him against any "come-back" from that direction, but it pays low prices—not over twenty-five per cent of the market value of any security it may accept. Chapman and his pals had other ideas.

First of all, they had about thirty-five thousand dollars worth of Liberty bonds, which are almost as readily negotiable as large bank notes. These bonds have never been recovered or traced.

Also they had a couple of hundred thousand dollars worth of Argentine Republic bonds, of standard value and easily negotiable. The rest were nearly all bonds of well-known issues, dealt in by Wall Street brokers every day.

Finally, there was the jewelry. Loeber disposed of this by removing the stones and melting the gold and platinum. The latter he sold to jewelers, and the gold he boldly took to the United States Subtreasury and sold by weight. Chapman sold some of the stones to individuals for fairly low prices.

But disposing of the bonds was a ramified and thorny affair.

The first disposition of these stolen bonds which federal detectives were able to trace was made in Detroit by Chapman in person. He evidently did the job to get immediate funds. One day a New York bank, having been warned of the large accumulations of stolen securities, was causing some recently received bonds to be examined when it was seen that two

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Big Profits

Amazingly Easy with this *New* No-Competition Line

Absolutely No Competition Selling Ladies' Hats

YOU can represent the **ONLY FIRM IN AMERICA** selling Ladies' Hats direct to the wearer. The first in the field always cashes in big. You can be the first to offer the women of your community the wonderful Val-Style Made-to-Measure Hats—but you'll have to act quickly.

Make Up to $150 Weekly

Easily if you devote all of your time to this fascinating new business. Many of our part time representatives are making $25 to $50 a week. You can do as well.

Exclusive Territory

We give you absolutely exclusive sale in as much territory as you can cover properly. No one else can possibly offer hats that would cost at least $10.00 to $15.00 in a retail store for the amazingly low Val-Style price of $5.00. Your commission is most generous, and is collected IN ADVANCE. We do all delivering and collecting. No heavy sample case to lug around. Every woman likes—and buys—Val-style hats.

ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE

Val-Style Hats are absolutely guaranteed to you and your customers. Our 40 years in business is your assurance of our financial responsibility; you can refer to the Fourth and Central Trust Co. or the Pearl Market Bank, both of Cincinnati.

We guarantee satisfaction or money instantly refunded.

Send for full information today—or, better yet, send for the complete selling outfit, and get started at once.

VAL-STYLE HAT COMPANY
Room 35, Val-Style Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SALES OUTFIT

Big, beautifully bound book of ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS, color card, swatches of material, salesman's badge, tape measure, and EVERSHARP Pencil, all fit neatly into an outfit you'll be mighty proud of.

SEND COUPON—GET STARTED AT ONCE!

Val-Style Hat Co.,
Room 35 Val-Style Bldg.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send me your Complete Selling Outfit, described above. I'll pay the postman a deposit of $2.00 when he delivers this outfit, as a guarantee of my good faith. You agree to refund my $2.00 at any time if I return the outfit.
Send me full information on your selling plan.

My name is.....

My number and street are.....

Town..... State.....

☐ Send further information.
☐ Send the Outfit at once.
(Check which you want.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

bonds of the same issue had identical numbers.

The treasury authorities and post-office inspectors were notified, and it was soon apparent that the number on one bond had been changed. The bank quickly traced the doctored bond back to Detroit, where it was found it was one of a batch of fifteen which had been sold by a local real estate dealer.

The federal officers immediately called upon the realtor, seeking explanations. He was ready to give them. Some time before a man who called himself Ed P. Gensler had come to him and got interested in some lots in a Detroit suburban development. Gensler had finally bought forty of the lots for ten thousand dollars. He had asked if he might pay for them with some bonds which he owned.

The real estate man saw no objection and took and sold the bonds and returned to Gensler the total proceeds above ten thousand dollars—about four thousand five hundred dollars, in fact. The dealer said he did not know Gensler, that he had no reason to suspect him.

Gensler, of course, was Gerald Chapman, a fact he later admitted on the stand.

ANOTHER lot of the stolen bonds went to Chicago. In that city an interesting thing was done. One morning a man well acquainted at a certain bank walked in and introduced "My friend, Mr. Mullen." Mullen, he explained, was interested in borrowing on first-class security. He would explain what he was doing and what he needed.

He was buying some not distant real estate on which he intended to build, he explained. For that reason he wanted to sell a block of high-grade bonds which he had owned for some time.

So Mr. Mullen hypothecated twenty thousand dollars worth of bonds the first day and took away sixteen thousand dollars in money. Later he brought twenty thousand more in bonds and received sixteen thousand dollars more in cash or bank credit.

Later it turned out that Mr. Mullen was the now notorious Jimmy Murray, Chicago politician, recently convicted of complicity in the sensational mail train holdup at Rondout, just outside of Chicago, and sentenced to serve twenty-five years in a Federal prison.

In disposing of the bonds the transaction was made to appear legitimate, and there is no genuine evidence that it was not. Under the negotiable instruments act, anyone may buy securities with impunity and be safe from having them recovered so long as it cannot be shown the buyer knew they were stolen.

Such a law is necessary to the transaction of banking, brokerage, and general business.

Jimmy Murray, who "put down" the forty thousand dollars worth of bonds in Chicago, received thirty-two thousand for them. What part of this he was allowed to retain as his own one cannot say, but probably a moderate portion—ten or fifteen per cent. Other shares went to other persons who transferred the bonds to Chicago. Perhaps there were still other "bits" to be paid out. Finally, Chapman must have got between thirty and forty per cent of the face value of the bonds—between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars.

Early in the spring of 1922 two bonds which had been stolen in the Leonard Street holdup reached New York from a Minneapolis broker, who had taken them in good faith. The post-office inspectors lost no time in getting to the big mill town, and they soon found they had made their way into the center of one of the largest bond disposing conspiracies ever discovered.

The sellers or borrowers were traced and, in most instances, proved to be respectable business people. Several of them, realizing the dangerous position in which they stood, informed the inspectors that they had got the securities from a local character, Henry Sorlein, who had lately become bankrupt.

Sorlein had gone to various old friends and business associates and asked them to procure loans on various blocks of bonds. He explained that he could not appear in these loans personally because of the bankruptcy proceedings in which he was involved. He also offered to pay his friends liberal commissions for making the loans or to repay money due them if they would hypothecate the bonds.

Sorlein was seized and searched. His pockets yielded four thousand five hundred dollars in cash, with a paper bank tape still around it, and a list of thirty-three stolen bonds, with their numbers. All but two had come out of the Leonard Street job. The two others had been taken from a safe in a Fifth Avenue office building in New York which had been robbed some time before. Sorlein's office desk was also gone over and yielded nine thousand dollars more in Leonard Street bonds. This arrest was made on May 24, 1922, about six weeks before the arrest of Chapman, Anderson, and Loeber in New York. There was, of course, no connection established between these two events until some time later.

Sorlein, locked up by the Federal officers, at first would say nothing, but when the evidence against him piled up and he was made to see that he had no chance of escaping a long prison term he yielded and confessed. Now came the break of the case which shocked all the Northwest. Sorlein accused Stanley McCormick of having furnished him with all the stolen bonds he had handled.

McCormick was a Minneapolis society man, beau, high-flyer, and man about town. He had married a woman of social position who was reputed to be wealthy. A good-looking, big, swaggering fellow, he was as well known in the Twin Cities as any ranking first-nighter is along Broadway. His wife and he lived in fine style in town and supported a summer home.

McCormick, too, was seized and jailed, but he refused to talk. He, Sorlein, and some others were convicted, Sorlein getting off with a light sentence after turning state's evidence

More than two hundred thousand dollars worth of stolen securities were recovered which had been lost in the Leonard Street holdup, the robbery of the safe in Fifth Avenue, the Chicago Union Station mail holdup, a bank job at Table Grove, Illinois, another at Cincinnati, and safe jobs at Providence, Rhode Island, and Montreal. Finally, trace was found of bank notes taken in the famous and astounding robbery of the United States Mint at Denver.

A STILL more astounding piece of disposing remains to be related.

Chapman and Anderson were arrested with Loeber on July 3, 1922, and immediately committed to the Tombs, where they were held until about September 1, when the former two were taken to Atlanta to serve twenty-five years each for their biggest crime. While these men were actually under lock and key in New York, three hundred and forty-one thousand dollars worth of bonds, all but a few of them taken from the mails in Leonard Street, were hypothecated in a Philadelphia bank for about two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars—of which amount Chapman and Anderson received eighty thousand dollars.

After warning the reader that the men implicated in this piece of business have not been tried and convicted, it is possible to tell the story from the official point of view.

One day soon after the arrest of the bandits there appeared in Philadelphia several New Yorkers who imparted cautiously to one Philadelphian and then the other that they had a large number of bonds which were to be disposed of to banks. Several Philadelphia business men of varying reputations became involved in the matter in ways and degrees which would need too much explaining for present limitations. Finally, one of the Philadelphians approached a branch office of a well-known bank in Philadelphia with a story substantially as follows:

There was present in the city a man named Bobroff who hailed from Vladivostok, where he was an official of the Vladivostok Co-operative Society. He had been sent to America to buy machinery and supplies and to establish a credit here. He had under his control upward of a million dollars worth of high-class American and foreign bonds, which he could not sell, since title must remain with the co-operatives, but on which he desired to procure some loans.

On the strength of this story successful negotiations were carried out with the bank officers and four loans were made in rapid succession, one of eighty-five thousand dollars, the next of fifty-three thousand dollars, the third of one hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars, and the last of three thousand four hundred dollars—a grand total of nearly two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

BEHIND all these transactions hovers the figure of the master bandit, of course. Caught, informed on by one of his pals, locked away behind the forbidding facade of the Tombs, and watched night and day, the consummating stages of his crime are still carried forward. But other hands and other brains are acting for him. It is now clear that he has used his connections in the subterranean *haute monde,* that he has either sold out his swag to the syndicate or intrusted the task of cashing his bonds to others who have special facilities for that work.

Chapman and Anderson were called for trial on the fifteenth of August, at which time the negotiations in Philadelphia for the big loans were already successfully concluded and the money was in sight. On the twenty-third, after a trial, the outcome of which was never in doubt, they were convicted and immediately sentenced to terms of twenty-five years each in Atlanta. Every night, in the course of their week's trial, Chapman and Anderson were locked in separate cells in the Tombs. Every morning they were taken out and transferred to the court, manacled to stout guards and closely watched. When they first entered the Tombs they had been searched and deprived of their money and other possessions.

But on the night of August 22, the night before the verdict and the sentence, Chapman and Anderson had fifty thousand dollars in their cells in cash. The money was taken from them in the morning.

Mr. Smith's gripping narrative of the career of the notorious Chapman continues next week with a vivid description of how Chapman made good his boast that he would not be long a prisoner at Atlanta prison. The manner in which he maneuvered his spectacular escape is as thrilling as it is mystifying. And the chase that followed offers many startling ramifications.

Note Liberty's VARIETY of appeal

IN THIS issue, for instance:

Reminiscences of John L. Sullivan . . . a Fannie Hurst article . . . Trub—that amazing pup . . . cross-word puzzles . . . a *clean* discussion of matrimonial pitfalls . . . household hints . . . patterns . . .

—and $50,000.00 for a movie idea!

Truly *a weekly for everybody*—enjoyed by every member of the family! Such wide variety of appeal has played an important part in Liberty's whirlwind trip across the million mark!

Every member of the American family is an influence in the buying of merchandise. Liberty appeals to every member of this family buying unit. Therefore, it provides more thorough coverage. *It is a more powerful selling force.*

It takes unfailing editorial precision to stand, week after week, the acid test of newsstand circulation. Liberty's sale is 99½% NEWSSTAND. No premiums to subscribers, no clubbing offers, no price cutting or other circulation crutches!

More than a year prior to the first issue, Liberty's editors analyzed the reading taste of the average American and the conditions under which he—or she—reads.

Back of this analysis stood 77 years of successful publishing. Out of this analysis came Liberty's editorial plan.

Liberty fits the times!

Varied subject matter, concise treatment, more legible appearance, and unique makeup so thoroughly conform to the reading needs of the present day that in less than ten months over a million copies of Liberty were receiving weekly welcome!

Liberty is written as the average American lives. Its fiction is vigorous, concise, lively—but *clean*. Its articles mesh with the ambitions and perplexities common to all of us.

Liberty's makeup means greater visibility. Every story or article is completed before another is begun. There are no "carry-overs" into an advertising jungle in the back. This makeup is more expensive, but it makes the advertising do more work!

5¢ **Liberty**

A Weekly for Everybody

At all newsstands

Under a Year And Over a Million!

$500 a Week for Limericks!

Liberty's Most Amusing Contest---Open to Everybody, Everywhere!

The World's Favorite Topic of Conversation!

THREE guesses, folks! What is it? The weather? Right! You can put away your umbrellas. The forecaster says it's going to rain! By special permission of the weather bureau we are about to put it on the pan. Let your eyes rest upon the coupon at the right. There you will observe the forecaster in his lair. Although the picture doesn't show it, he has cotton in his ears. So do your best—and worse.

(Toot! Toot! Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express is approaching in the distance! Next week we're going to take another ride with Casey Jones. So buy your tickets early, folks. And while you're waiting for train time, keep your hand in by dashing off a few last lines about the weather man!)

For the five best lines received to complete the Limerick in the coupon above, Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

1st Prize . . . $250 **3d Prize $75**
2d Prize . . . $100 **4th Prize . . . $50**
5th Prize . . . $25

Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

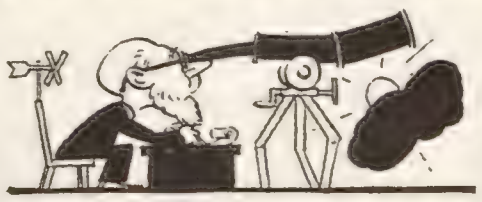
All Last Lines for *THIS WEEK'S* Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than *Midnight, April 11*

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes



The weather man, scanning the sky,
Predicted a storm drawing nigh.
So the public, next day,
As it went on its way

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....
STREET ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of April 4)

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the $500 prizes for completing Limerick No. 2 in Liberty's big double-header contest, announced in the issue of February 28. Winners of the $500 prizes for Limerick No. 1 in the same contest were announced last week. The number of entries prevented the judges from finishing their work in time to announce both sets of prize winners in our last issue. Limerick No. 2 read as follows:

A rooster that crowed loud and gay
Roused the neighbors from sleep ev'ry day.
But the owner just smiled,
So the neighbors got riled

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250
And a combed head was bobbed right away.
Written by JAMES F. DURKIN, 123 Sagamore Street, Chelsea, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE—$100
And they canceled his notes without pay!
Written by ALBERT REED, 530 East Sixth Street, Erie, Pa.

THIRD PRIZE—$75
Plymouth Rocks started coming his way.
Written by Rev. J. P. LYNCH, St. Mary's Church, Elizabeth, Ill.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
And stole the "alarm clock" away.
Written by PAUL W. ENDRISS, 806 Sybil Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25
And a fowl and a smile passed away.
Written by FLORENCE M. RUPERT, 860 Chemeketa Street, Salem, Ore.

$500 More for LIMERICKS Next Week!

SEND 'EM IN! SEND 'EM IN!

Like a White Man

A Tale of Flaming Passions in the Orient, and the Heart of a Girl Who Wandered Far from Home

Nola had sailed up the China Sea from Manila, her heart athrill with the zeal of a crusader.

By
EDWARD S. O'REILLY

Pictures by FRANK B. HOFFMAN

IT WAS pay day in Vigan. With uneasy money in their pockets the soldiers had scattered through the town, each intent upon buying a few hours of pleasure according to his fancy.

Noisy groups gathered around bunks in the old Spanish barracks feverishly rolling the fickle dice. Other groups sat silent, but tensely alert, wooing their luck in the poker game, or playing "Black Jack," the old army game.

A more potent attraction, however, claimed the patronage of the temporarily wealthy doughboys. Like the train of a fat snake, a street wound its way from the corner of the plaza, bordered by adobe and galvanized iron houses and bamboo shacks, to where it was lost in the checkered green of the rice paddies. The Spaniards had named this street the Calle San Juan de Letran, but the soldiers called it "Whisky Row."

Vice was not gilded or disguised on Whisky Row that night. Along the unplaned pine bars the men swarmed like flies, guzzling rice beer or the green trade whisky of the China Coast. Mechanical pianos, fed by coins in the slot, jangled ragtime coon songs. Shrill-voiced women of high visibility scurried through the crowd eagerly competing for their share of the pay day harvest. After thousands of years of western wandering the white man had returned to the wise old East, boasting of his civilization, arrogant in his pride of race.

The Congress of the United States had ordered that the Philippines be civilized as speedily as possible in the American fashion. To this end, an army of school-teachers, hastily recruited, invaded the islands in the wake of the army. So it was that Nola Carew, age twenty-two, recent graduate of the normal school at Fairview, Ohio, came ashore at Vigan that pay day night. Golden Hair Nola, with the experience and background of a nicely raised girl of the last generation, had sailed up the China Sea from Manila, her heart athrill with the zeal of a crusader, eager to begin her missionary work to the benighted children of the Orient.

That two days' trip up the coast of Luzon had seemed like a voyage into some fairyland of her dreams. The glowing blue of the sea, blazing with phosphorescence at night, the deep purple of the distant mountains shading down to a vivid green where the jungle met the surf, was an ever-shifting panorama of exotic color.

Her delight had been made more keen by the company of one who could tell the history of the strange new world. Sergeant Myles Monteith, by good fortune, was returning off furlough to his company in Vigan.

For two years Monteith had served in the islands, until the army life, in the barracks and on the trail, had become routine to him. The enthusiastic girl was a reminder of all the good things he had known in that distant land back home. From the moment of their meeting he had wandered in a day dream. Before the end of the second day he found himself looking forward to the end of his enlistment, planning a future with her by his side.

AN hour before their landing he had had an unpleasant awakening. Shyly, yet with naïve pride, she had confided to him that, for her, love was waiting at the end of the trail. She was going to marry Mr. James Shacklett in Vigan. Shacklett had come to the islands as a teacher a year before.

"You see, it was all arranged the day he sailed," she explained. "Then I finished normal, passed my examinations, and had the wonderful chance to join him in the great adventure. It was a year ago today that he sailed. For a year I have looked forward to this day."

Monteith found no words to answer the proud announcement of the girl. His silence was not alone due to the wreck of his own half realized dream. He knew Shacklett; knew him as the hard-drinking, hard-fighting hero of Whisky Row. It was true that he had come to the islands as a teacher, boasting that he had worked the government out of his passage, but

the officials had demanded his resignation a few weeks after his arrival. Shacklett was not interested in the uplift of the little brown brother.

How could he warn her? He couldn't, for it is not the code of men to carry tales about the weaknesses of other men. With hot rebellion in his heart, and a great pity for the impatient girl, he helped load her baggage into the *bancas* that came sailing to meet the ship. On the beach an ambulance was waiting for the passengers, for Vigan is four miles from the sea.

Night was falling when they stopped in the plaza near the great church which loomed black against the fading color of the evening sky. The girl stood gazing about her awed by the sheer beauty of the scene.

"Oh, the wonder of it," she half whispered, as if afraid her voice might break the spell. "It is a Paradise."

"Across the plaza is the home of the American hospital nurses who arrived a few weeks ago," Monteith explained. "They are the only white women in town. You had better let me take you there first."

"No, I must see him first," she protested. "He must know that I am here. It will be a sweet surprise. Do you know where he lives?"

"Yes, but really, Miss Carew, it would be better if you waited here and let me hunt him up," argued the sergeant, hoping to postpone the meeting.

"No, I have journeyed half around the world dreaming of this hour," she answered. "I must see him."

Like a man going to prison, Monteith led the way. She did not notice his abstraction as she danced at his side, impatient of the lagging minutes. It was her hour, lived a thousand times in her imagination, now on the eve of reality.

Monteith stopped before one of the houses. It was shut off from the road by a tall fence festooned with flowery vines.

"This is the house," he said, gruffly.

Eagerly she hurried past him through the gate. He saw her stop short as if to avoid a collision, groping with her hands, as if dazed. Stepping to her side, he looked up, following the line of her gaze.

Like a scene in a miniature theater, a couple were posed in the lighted window. A table littered with bottles and the leavings of a meal stood close to the casement. On one side of the table sat a *mestizo* girl, clad in a single clinging, revealing garment. Opposite sat Shacklett, hunched down on his elbows, his face a leering mask of drunkenness. The half-breed girl was laughing at him, her face thrust forward temptingly.

As the two watchers stood silent in the gateway Shacklett swayed forward, threw his arm around the girl, pulled her roughly to him, and kissed her on the lips, coughing and laughing drunkenly. Dropping back in his chair, his hand groped, as if by instinct, for the bottle.

As Shacklett poured his drink his glance

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The half-breed girl was laughing at him, her face thrust forward temptingly.

Are you trying to acquire someone's else type of beauty?

IT simply cannot be done, and thousands of permanently ruined complexions are witness to the damage women can do their skin by treatments that promise too much. The skin needs not cosmetics and complicated preparations but merely a mild cleansing agent that will release and preserve its own normal health and glow.

Resinol Soap *is* ideally cleansing and refreshing. Its gentle action thoroughly rids the pores of dust, soot, germs, etc., which interfere with their normal activity, and mean ruin for the complexion.

Its rich color and distinctive fragrance come naturally from the healthful Resinol properties it contains—those properties which are causing Resinol Soap more and more to take the place of the ordinary, highly perfumed soap whose strong odor is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality and harmful ingredients. Buy a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist, and *begin today to give your skin a chance to restore its own natural beauty.*

If your complexion is now marred by blackheads, blotches, roughnesses, etc., apply Resinol and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment has been successfully prescribed for years for skin disorders. Itching rashes, slight or serious, chafings, or the smart of a burn, cut or sore quickly respond to its first application. No home should be without it.

RESINOL SOAP

Dept. G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

turned out the window, and he saw the couple standing below. Frowning and batting his eyes, he leaned forward and stared at them. The light from the oil lamp fell on the white face of Nola. Recognition and bewilderment came to Shacklett's face. He dropped the bottle, gripped the window ledge with his hands, and half pulled himself from the chair, looking as if he had seen a ghost.

For a long minute their eyes locked. Then, with a moan, the girl turned and caught Monteith by the arm.

"Please take me to the hospital," she whispered, stumbling back through the gate as if in a trance.

She was smiling with forced gayety as they came to the nurses' home. Bravely she carried off the introductions, then turned to bid him good night.

"You, at least, have been kind," she said, shaking his hand. Under the questioning eyes of the nurses Monteith could only murmur commonplaces and take his leave. He walked toward his company quarters, his brain hot with rage at the thought of Shacklett.

II.

JIM SHACKLETT was in no less black a mood. He stamped about the room cursing and working himself into an insanity of hatred. He blamed Monteith. It was the sergeant who brought Nola sneaking to spy on him. Monteith had framed him, and he must settle with the soldier.

It was a matter that would not wait; he must whip his enemy tonight. Apolonia, the *mestizo* girl, tried to restrain him, but he pushed her aside. He almost ran down the street, pulling on his linen coat as he went. Down Whisky Row he strolled, peering into the saloons, seeking the soldier. At last he met the sergeant near the post headquarters building, where Monteith had gone to report off leave.

Sensing his purpose, Monteith stood waiting. Shacklett stopped before him, white faced with anger.

"Thought you could frame me and get away with it, did you?" His voice trembled with passion. "You damn double crossin' dog, will you fight?"

"Shacklett, if there is one man in the world I want to fight, it's you." Monteith spoke calmly, but his eyes were blazing. "We can't do it here in sight of the guard. Where do you want to go?"

"Nobody will interrupt in the empty go-down back of Panama Jack's," Shacklett snarled. "And, soldier, only one of us is coming out of that room alive. I'm going to beat you to death."

"Get a lantern and come on; I'll be waiting back of the saloon."

Presently, in the go-down, the two men stood facing each other, glaring in hate. Of equal height, Shacklett had the advantage of ten pounds or more in weight. For a moment they stood tensely poised, as if fencing with their eyes, then Shacklett shouted:

"I'm coming, you ——," and rushed in, driving for the face.

Stepping as a man who dances, Monteith advanced to meet him. Like charging bulls, they clashed in the center of the room. Throwing all his weight into his blows, Shacklett fought like a wild man, trying to beat down the sergeant's guard, to drive home the finishing blow. It was his manner of fighting. No man had been able to stand long before the berserk fury of his rushes.

Monteith gave way before him, covering up, blocking, dancing out of reach on feet that seemed springy as new rubber. No one could keep up Shacklett's pace for long. He halted, gasping for breath, sparring with his hands. He found no time to relax, for Monteith carried the fight to him, boring in, swinging high to the head, snapping short-arm jolts to the body.

They sprang apart at the sound of the door opening. It was Apolonia, the *mestizo* girl, who had followed Shacklett. Angrily, he ordered her to leave, but she crouched by the door, hysterically screeching at him to "Kill the *hombre.*"

Shacklett advanced on the soldier, but he moved slower now. Monteith jumped in to meet him, planting his blows with the accuracy of a rifle shot. Shacklett went down, his legs growing limp under him. The sergeant backed across the room and stood waiting. As Shacklett slowly struggled to his feet the *mestizo* girl ran to his side.

"Take this; kill him," she screamed, slipping a long-bladed knife into his hand. Clutching the weapon, he looked up at Monteith. The sergeant was coming in to meet him, fearless of the new menace.

"Hell, I don't need this to lick you," Shacklett roared, and, casting the knife aside, stumbled forward to the attack.

IT was a hopeless battle. Good condition and a sober brain were winning for the soldier. Shacklett would not admit defeat. Three times he went down, until, blind and gasping, the flesh of his thighs shaking like jelly, he rolled in the dirt, the strength gone out of him. For the first time in his life Big Jim Shacklett had been whipped.

Monteith waited until he saw his enemy could not renew the fight.

"You're through," he said, contemptuously. "Your woman will take care of you. It is me that is going to walk out of the door."

All that night and the next

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

day Shacklett sat brooding in a very agony of humiliation. His thoughts were the thoughts of a murderer. He hated Monteith to the point of madness, hated all soldiers, hated his former followers of Whisky Row, for he knew that, to them, he was now a fallen idol.

Nola had represented the one person in his life who had appealed to his better qualities. When she had been a child in pigtails he had been the big boy next door who had left home in search of adventure and fortune. When they had met in San Francisco she had not known of the life he had led in the years between. He had not told her of the mining camps where he had fought his way with the roughest element of the West, of the gambling houses where he had learned to hunt for easy money, of the dives that had been his home.

His pledge to Nola had kept him straight for many months. Then the old life around him, the old gang calling, and the lure of easy money had caused him to drift. He knew that she would never forgive; knew her pride and clean heart. It was over, and he had killed the thing he loved.

Yet, as he sat drinking and brooding, it was not himself he blamed. It was Monteith, it was everybody else in the world. Everybody except Apolonia, the golden girl with the red lips and the worshiping eyes. She loved him, right or wrong, drunk or sober.

THE second night after the fight found Shacklett exhausted with rage, sodden with drink, stupid from lack of sleep. He was sitting on the steps of the *nipa* house, trying to think, to plan revenge. Apolonia came to his side, her arms caressing him, soothing him with her voice. He realized that she was talking eagerly, explaining a plan.

Why did he not leave these savage white people, come with her into the mountains. Her uncle was a coronel of the insurrectos, the natives who were fighting for liberty. Shacklett would be a big man there, he could rest in safety until his day of revenge came.

In his drunken, half-crazed condition the idea appealed to Shacklett. He was at war with the men of his kind, the world was against him. As the girl pleaded he found himself agreeing with her, the scheme grew more inviting. The next day it was reported in Vigan that Jim Shacklett had left town. No one bothered to ask questions about where he had gone.

As the weeks passed Nola found herself depending more and more upon Monteith's friendship. It was a strange, new world, and she was lonely. Somehow the rules that governed in Fairview did not always apply in these tropic islands on the under side of the world. Monteith was again daring to dream his dream, but he waited his time, knowing that her wound was still unhealed.

One evening they had strolled out to the edge of town and sat on the stone coping of an ancient bridge, talking of the future of the island under American rule. Time passed unnoticed until the bugle blew the call for retreat. Monteith jumped to his feet.

"I must run or miss roll call," he said. "It's getting late. You had better return. Go back the same way we came. Don't turn down the side streets to your left."

He spoke as if giving an order. She was annoyed by his commanding manner. Someone was always ordering her about, telling her not to do this or that, not to walk there, warning her of imaginary dangers. Still feeling resentment, she deliberately turned into the side street on her way back to the plaza.

A double row of lighted doors and windows stretched before her. There was a confused medley of music, singing, and harsh voices. The street seemed crowded with men wandering from door to door.

Passing a building larger than the rest, she looked in through the swinging doors, and then realization came. She had heard whispers of Whisky Row; in a vague way she knew what it represented, although there had been no Whisky Rows in Fairview. Her frightened eyes took in the picture, the crowd at the bar, the painted women in their gaudy garments, the short skirts and bare shoulders. As she stood she heard a woman's voice lifted in anger, shrilling a torrent of vile words. It was the first time Nola had ever heard a woman swear, and a feeling of physical sickness came over her.

She started in terror as a hand fell upon her arm. She heard a drunken voice say:

"Come on, kid. I'll buy you a drink."

Jerking free from the restraining hand, she fled down the street, breathless with fear. She did not stop until she was safe in her room, the door locked against what seemed a threatening danger.

Nola was hurt and outraged to the core. So this was what men were. This was the thing that had turned Shacklett into a beast. These were the crusaders, the pioneers of the white man's civilization that she had idealized. She felt unclean, and, for the moment, hated all men. They were all alike, beasts of prey with the code of the jungle.

At that minute, with angry humiliation in her heart, she glanced out of the window and saw Monteith walking across the plaza. She had a feeling of panic as she realized that he was coming to call.

Wild thoughts of flight flitted through her mind. Yet there was no reason for refusing to see him. She heard his voice in the little reception room downstairs and the call of one of the nurses. Hastily, she decided to see him for a moment, make some excuse, and send him away. Her ugly adventure had left her in no mood to talk to a man.

Monteith was alone when she entered the room. He advanced impetuously, talking swiftly, not giving her an opportunity to talk.

"I felt that I had to see you again tonight," he stammered. "I have tried to be patient, but you must know. In a few weeks my enlistment will be ended. There is a good position here waiting for me. We could work together."

With wild fear gripping her heart, she realized what he was trying to say. He had come for her, and she was afraid of him. She tried to check him, but he could not stop until his message was spoken. Then he stood silent, waiting her verdict.

"No, no—I am sorry; you must go." She scarce knew what she was saying, only feeling that she was afraid, that she must escape. "It is a terrible mistake. You do not know what you are asking."

"It was all a mistake. That is the way you feel?" He was hurt, but he would not plead.

She nodded, shrinking away from him. Her manner told more than her words. With a muttered apology, he left the room. She sank into a chair, fighting for control of herself, resisting an impulse to call him back.

III.

WHEN Shacklett awoke from his drunken stupor he found himself in a straggling native village hid away in a mountain valley. With sober thought came realization of what he had done. Keenly he regretted his flight, but it was too late—he could not go back.

Apolonia had made her simple housekeeping arrangements in an abandoned shack. She was proud of her white man, exhibiting him to her less fortunate sisters like a trophy. There was a garrison in the village of a few score barefooted insurgents, commanded by Apolonia's uncle, a *mestizo* in whose veins the blood of the Tagalog, Chinese, and Spaniard was at war.

At first the natives had received Shacklett with uneasy watchfulness. In time they learned that he hated the white man as much as themselves. Soon he was an accepted figure in the life of the camp. He was not long in learning that, although they tolerated him, they despised him.

They might hate the white man, but they feared and respected him. This man had fallen from the white man's pedestal. He was an outcast from his own people, an alien to the lesser breed. It infuriated Shacklett to know that this brown brood looked on him with contempt.

It was his instinct to fight, to lash out with his fists, but there was nothing tangible to fight. He could only return hate for hate, curse his evil destiny, and spend his sober hours in an agony of self-pity. So the days marched on into weeks, and daily the fiber of his manhood weakened.

The man who had once taken pride in his appearance became more slovenly than the natives. He went unshaved; his clothes became ragged; in time he walked shamelessly barefooted through the streets. At night he would sit around the camp fires, listening to the meaningless gabble of the soldiers. When the fires were deserted he would return to his shack and sit, drinking and pondering, in the doorway.

AT last a chance came for a break in the deadly monotony. The insurgent commander explained the proposition. News had been received that an American paymaster would travel down a certain road the next morning. They would lay a trap, and the fool *Americanos* would walk into it. There would be a fight, but victory was certain. The prize was worth the risk.

Shacklett had sworn that the Americans were his enemies. Now was the time to prove it. He did not hesitate, but eagerly volunteered to join in the raid. That day the band marched out of the village and the next morning were in position, waiting for the paymaster and his escort.

The plan was simple. An open lane, fenced in by high bamboo palings, stretched before them. The insurgents were drawn in a horseshoe-shaped line around the head of the lane. The distance was measured; the escort would be caught between the fences and mowed down. A few volleys, a rush on the ambulance where the money would be carried, the wagon would be looted, and the *insurrectos* would scatter in squads, to meet again in the security of their mountain hiding-place.

Shacklett was hot with impatience for the fight to begin. He was past the point of rational thinking. To battle, destroy, to get revenge in killing, that was the one thing in the world he panted for.

For an hour he lay in the *cogon* grass watching the road with bloodshot eyes. He was the first to see the soldiers as they turned into the lane. Gleefully he counted them. Only twenty men, followed by an open wagon, in which the paymaster and his clerk were seated. It would be easy.

Throwing a cartridge into the chamber of

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

his gun, he huddled into shooting position. On his left was the *mestizo* coronel, peering through the bushes, his Mongolian features set in a malignant mask.

The soldiers were nearer now, swinging along at route step, laughing and joking as they marched. His eyes ran along the line, and he almost shouted as he saw Sergeant Monteith at the head of the column.

Trembling with eagerness, Shacklett nestled down, his cheek against the gun butt. He shifted until he was looking at Monteith through the rifle sights. On they came, growing clearer with every step. He could hear someone whistling The Girl I Left Behind Me.

AS Shacklett gazed a strange feeling came over him. These were his people, white men, folk of his blood and tribe. They were marching to death under the guns of the brown men of the jungle. It was right that he should fight them, but it was wrong that these slant-eyed Orientals should massacre them.

Monteith was coming straight into the rifle sights, a smile on his face. Suddenly, in a hot flash, the renegade realized that he could not kill this man. An overmastering impulse swept over him to save Monteith and his comrades from the danger lurking in the tall grass.

Throwing up his rifle, he fired a shot high over the heads of the soldiers and screamed at the top of his voice:

"Look out! *Gugus* ahead!" Then he turned to make his fight.

His first shot shattered the grinning face of the *mestizo*. Through the smoke he saw leaping white figures closing in on him. There was no time to reload. The roar of firing deafened his ears, keen bolos were slashing at him. He rushed in to meet the charge, swinging his gun like a club, beating down his assailants. Then a hot stabbing pain shot through his lungs, his legs went limp, and he crumpled face downward in the grass.

Like a man coming out of a heavy sleep, Shacklett awakened to consciousness. From a distance came the sound of scattering shots. To his muddled brain came the realization that someone was beside him, doing something to his leg. With an effort he lifted his head and saw a soldier lying at his side, ripping his trouser leg with a pocketknife. He grunted in amazement when he recognized the soldier as Monteith.

"Don't move," the Sergeant commanded. "I'm trying to get a tourniquet on this leg. The artery is cut."

Curiously Shacklett watched Monteith work. He felt no pain; only a great weakness. Monteith deftly cut the lacing from his legging, tied it around the leg above the wound, then, using his bayonet as a lever, twisted until the cord cut deep into the flesh. The flow of blood stopped. The Sergeant drove the point of the bayonet into the ground; then, gripping it with both hands, he pulled his body over, leaning his weight against the hilt.

"Don't know if I can hold it, but I'll hang on as long as I can," he panted.

"You're hurt, too?" Shacklett whispered hoarsely.

"Yes; through the leg, and rib busted." The effort of breathing seemed an agony.

SIDE by side they lay, not speaking for many minutes. Then Monteith asked:

"It was you that gave that warning, wasn't it?"

"Yes," whispered the renegade.

"You're bad hurt, Shacklett," Monteith went on. "You may not pull through. If you cash in, I'll tell the boys you died like a white man."

Shacklett smiled. A look of peace changed the expression of his face. He was trying to answer when he saw Monteith slump forward and lie still. He had fainted from the racking pain, but even in his coma his hands still clutched the bayonet.

With a desperate effort Shacklett pulled himself up until he rested on an elbow.

"I won't go back," he muttered. "'Like a white man,'" he said. "Let the best man win."

With his other hand he picked up the Sergeant's knife; then, reaching over the still form, he cut the cord that bound his leg. With a defiant laugh he fell back, arms outstretched, gazing up at the fading sky.

An hour later the garrison at Vigan was galvanized into life by arrival of a mounted soldier with word of the attack. The bugle sounded the assembly, and a company of infantry went swinging down the road at the double time. In its wake was an ambulance with doctors and hospital corps men.

Nola heard the news as she was going

As Shacklett struggled to his feet the mestizo girl ran to his side. "Take this; kill him," she screamed, slipping a long-bladed knife into his hand.

homeward from school. With cold fear chilling her she ran to the hospital. She knew Monteith was with the escort. At the hospital she found the courier talking to the head nurse. With blanched face she listened to his story. Three were dead, three wounded. It would have been worse if it had not been for a fellow named Shacklett. Yes, Sergeant Monteith was one of the wounded.

It was like a blow. He was hurt, perhaps dying, and she could not go to him. She could only wait, hoping and praying. The head nurse finally drove her from the ward, although she tried not to be in the way. She would not return to her room, but stood waiting in the courtyard. Night came, and with the darkness a heavy rain set in.

She sought shelter under the roof of the stone gateway. The minutes dragged into hours. As she waited a forlorn figure came splashing to her side. It was a girl, a soldier's hat on her head, a rubber poncho covering her shoulders. Beneath the poncho red silk stockings showed, and satin slippers caked with mud. It was one of the dance-hall girls from Panama Jack's.

The girl was crying, and tears and rain had washed furrows in the paint upon her cheeks. She was hardly more than a child in years.

"I heard that the Singing Kid was shot," she sobbed. "Can you tell me if it's true? He was an awful good kid. There wasn't any harm in him."

NOLA gave no thought to the conventions of Fairview now. Here was another woman, suffering with the same woman's sorrow as her own. Pityingly she put her arm around the girl and drew her close. She was trying to comfort her when the lights of the ambulance gleamed through the rain.

She watched the stretchers lifted out and carried into the hospital, had a glimpse of Monteith's white face. When she tried to press closer she was pushed aside. There was no time for sentiment.

A nurse stopped her at the door, but, taking pity, said:

"I'll call you when they are through with him."

She waited in the doorway, the forlorn little creature from Whisky Row clinging to her.

"Yore man is hurt, too," she asked. "Isn't it hell? It's Sergeant Monteith, isn't it?"

"Yes. But how did you know?" questioned Nola.

"Oh, we hear things down on the Row," replied the girl. "You're lucky. Everybody knows he's a right guy. If I was you, and a fellow like that wanted me, I'd go to him if I had to fight the world. You love him, don't you?"

"Yes, I love him," Nola spoke with passionate conviction.

"Then why don't you tell him so?" questioned the girl. "It's the likes of me what knows how scarce men like him are."

THE nurse came out to report.

"The Singing Kid will be all right," she said shortly to the dance-hall girl. "You can come in now, Miss Carew, and speak to Sergeant Monteith, but make it brief."

With a sob of relief the girl went out. Nola watched her crossing the plaza, wading through the mud, leaning against the driving rain. Then she followed the nurse through the door.

As if drawn by a magnet, Nola's eyes flew across the ward to where Monteith lay, looking strangely weak and helpless. Swiftly she walked across the room and halted at his bedside. She stood proudly, head lifted high, a look of exaltation in her face. Then loudly, clearly, so that all in the room might hear, she said:

"Myles, I love you."

Then, kneeling by his cot, she took his hands in hers. Hungrily they gazed, their eyes seeming to talk.

"That makes everything in the world all right," he said at last. "Did you hear about Shacklett? Many that are alive tonight can thank him."

"Yes, I heard, and I will always be grateful," she answered, clinging to his hands as if she feared he might slip away. "Myles, you'll be well soon, and I'll be waiting for you. Everything is clear now."

The nurse was calling that the time for visiting was over. Kissing him good night,

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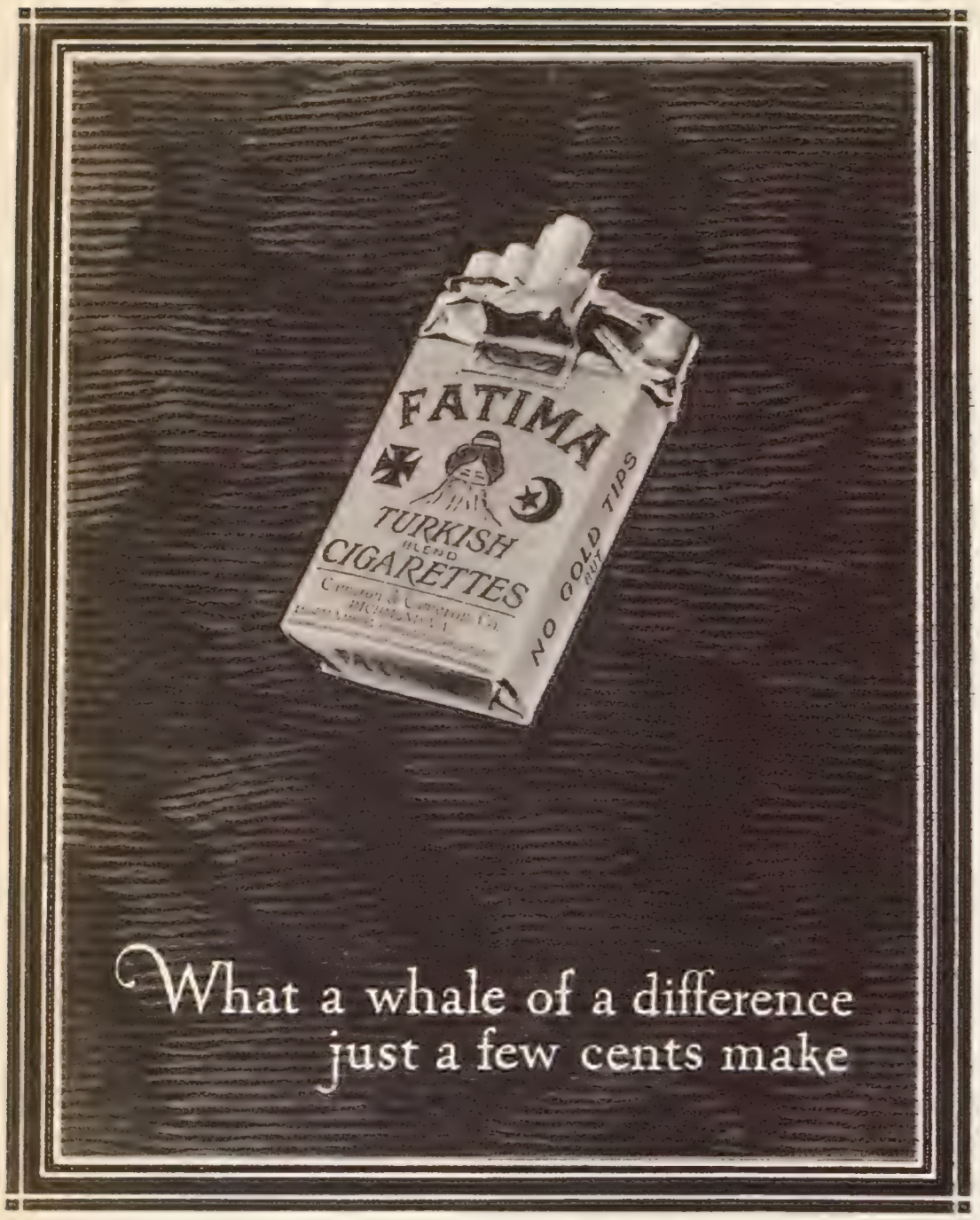

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

Nola left, walking home, her face lifted to the cooling rain.

For long hours that night she sat by her window, her head cradled on her arms, watching the lights of the hospital. She knew she had found her great adventure.

There was the glory of new happiness in her face. There was singing in her heart.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Winding Up the Calendar

"Mamma, what's this?" asked little Mary, picking up a calendar her father had brought home.

"It's a calendar, dear. It's something by which we tell the time of the year or the month or the week."

Mary looked it over carefully for a minute or two.

"Mamma," she inquired anxiously, "where do you wind it up?"—Mrs. R. A. W., Derry, N. H.

* * *

Probably the Sun Was Hot, Too

It was a hot day and Ralph and Florence were tired and restless. Their mother sent them out of doors, telling them to stay right in the shade of a large tree. After a little time the afternoon sunlight slanted in beneath the tree, and Florence called out:

"Mamma, the sun is in the shade, too."—Mrs. S. R. B., Dorchester Center, Mass.

* * *

And What Did Daddy Say?

One evening we had company who had not visited us for some time. Pretty soon Junior, who was sitting in his father's lap, noticed the lady looking at his father's black hair which was graying at the temples. Reaching up he began smoothing it down and said:

"That's not ashes in my daddy's hair; that's just where the paint's rubbed off."—Mrs. F. P., Elwood, Ind.

* * *

Sense vs. Cents

At the dinner table we always try to discuss matters of interest that our young sons may also profit thereby. One evening father told at length of the five senses, and when finished, on asking who could name them, Jack, whose attention had wandered a bit, and who is inclined to be rather mercenary, spoke up, "Oh, daddy, I can, a nickel."—L. E. V., St. Paul, Minn.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 39

Hair a Halo

My Sunny Shampoo

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Last year a famous maker of shampoos sent me some to try. That because of my position in the world of youth and beauty. I meet millions of women on the stage and in print, to exhibit and tell the results of my methods. And I place those methods at every woman's call.

As a result, countless women now employ what I use. So experts everywhere submit their new discoveries to me.

This shampoo came from a laboratory which has studied shampoos for decades. They tell me they have made up and tested some 250 formulas. This one, they say, contains 20 ingredients, including 2 that give glint to the hair.

It brought me marvelous results. My hair gained new luster at once. Those sunny strands so many women envy are due largely to that shampoo.

I had it submitted to a thousand women and waited for their reports. Nothing I have found in my world-search for beauty has created any greater enthusiasm. So now I offer it to you. I call it my Fruity Shampoo. It will amaze and delight you, as it did me. Let me send you some to try.

Rosy Bloom

I developed as a girl a beautiful complexion. It helped to make me a famous beauty. And now, after 40 years in the limelight, it is keeping my youthful bloom. I look like a girl of 19.

The main reasons are embodied in my Youth Cream. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin. You will marvel when you try it at how much a cream can do.

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One for night and one for day. Never is my skin without it. I ask you to learn at my cost what it does.

Soft Hands

My hands are as soft as though I never used them. Yet in my stage work I wash them in all sorts of water, 20 times a day.

Some famous chemists sent me a lotion which they said insured beautiful hands. And I found that it does. I believe millions of women will rejoice to know it. So I now supply that to all who want it—my Youth Hand Lotion. I hope you will also try that.

Thick Hair

My hair is thick and luxuriant. It grows finer every year. I have never known falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray. I count it my greatest glory.

That is due to my Hair Youth. The basis I found years ago in France, but new discoveries have vastly improved it. I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. There it combats all that clogs and stifles hair roots. It tones and stimulates. No one can dream of finer results than Hair Youth brings to me.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps, exactly as I use them. They embody all the results of my world-wide search. Tell me in the coupon which you would like to try, and I will send it with my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now.

Your Choice Free

Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 904-L

☐ Fruity Shampoo ☐ Youth Cream
☐ Youth Hand Lotion ☐ Hair Youth

Name .....

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A panel of self-material down the center of the back gives added chic to the sports coat at the left. This is made of a white silk and wool mixture embroidered in red and green. Next, one of the new "Bedouin" capes—this an evening affair in chartreuse faille. For afternoon wear comes, next, a black Ottoman model lined with printed silk extending into collar and revers. Last, a street model of pinky beige kasha testifies to the favor of plaits.

Spring Topcoats *of* Silk Made *on* Tailored Lines

by Corinne Lowe

WHEN, more than a year ago, the Prince of Wales visited Paris he gave the inspiration for the mode in topcoats. The model which the French dressmakers made in imitation of the Prince's famous ulster has lingered into spring. And, although this double-breasted mannish affair has been jeopardized by many cheap imitations, it continues to hold its own.

The most interesting innovation this spring is the translation of the masculine topcoat from the woolens, in which it originally appeared, to silks. For example, Philippe et Gaston have created this spring a number of the familiar topcoats in navy blue silk serge. Even white satin has been mustered out to develop coats on the accustomed tailored lines.

So much for coats. Now as to capes. All last year this type of wrap was rather weak. This spring, however, it has been revived, and while it does not even yet make a really robust rival of the coat, its appearance has been a significant feature of many fashionable dressmaking openings.

One of the most picturesque capes to which Paris has lent its authority is the type we illustrate second from the left. A circular affair with a hood, it is very logically termed "the Bedouin." This sort of cape is shown in both long and three-quarter versions, and it may be adapted to either sports or evening wear. Here it is shown to accompany the evening gown and is developed in charteuse green faille.

When the cape is worn for evening it is very often built on widely circular lines. For sports or tailored ensembles, on the contrary, it is frequently fitted to the shoulders and may at this point adopt the popular policy of plaits. Incidentally, we may mention that quite a few of the afternoon ensembles elect a cape rather than a coat for their completing wrap.

The important role assigned now to plaits is revealed in the utility coat of pinky beige sketched at the right. Only a shield-shaped section of plaits in the back, yet the smartness of the coat is assured. Next to this a black Ottoman is lined with a printed silk extending its functions to a collar and full-length lapels.

The sketch at the left shows a white silk and wool mixture on which is embroidered a design in red and green. This coat displays the panel down the back, which is seen now on many smart models.

Newest Patterns Give *a* Wide Range *of* Wear

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND 10 CENTS

By PATRICIA

ON the one hand, we have severely tailored frocks developed in neatly striped and gayly plaided woolens, and on the other we have dresses of the formal type which attribute their charm to softness of line and feminine frills of lace. Of these two modes we have our choice this season, and sometimes in one dress both influences are very strongly felt.

For instance, fussy chiffon and silk crepe dresses are worn beneath strictly tailored coats of kasha. Dame Fashion, you know, is not consistent, and that is probably why we willingly become her slaves.

Blonde satin with lace frill to match makes the charming afternoon dress shown in pattern No. 2296. Black satin, too, is suggested, with lace to match or to contrast. Gold trimmings are so fashionable that it would be nice to use gold colored lace for trimming.

Dress pattern No. 2296 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material with 1½ yards of 11-inch lace and 2 yards of 32-inch lining for the upper part of the slip.

Striped wool, plain or plaid kasha, wool jersey, flannel and ribbed silk are popular materials for a tailored street dress of the type shown in pattern No. 2117, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material with 1⅝ yards of 20-inch contrasting.

A circular godet is inserted in the skirt of the dress shown in pattern No. 2333, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure, to give the popular fullness to the skirt without marring the straight, slim silhouette. Also, a plaited inset is provided in the pattern, which may be used instead if you so desire. For the 36-inch size this pattern takes 4 yards of 40-inch material with 1¼ yards of 32-inch contrasting.

Plaid kasha makes the dress shown in pattern No. 2321. Vent plaits at the side of the skirt lend a graceful width to the skirt, which comes into evidence when the wearer walks. Long, tight-fitting sleeves and shorter length ones are provided in the pattern, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. You can also use this pattern for wool jersey, ribbed silks, and silk crepes. For the 36-inch size 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material with ⅞ yard 27-inch contrasting are required.

The triumphant tunic is shown in pattern No. 2342. It's just the easiest garment to make if you use this pattern, which comes in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. There are only four seams to the entire tunic—the shoulder and underarm seams. It can be worn over a slip to match, or of dark silk crepe or black satin. For the 36-inch size 2¾ yards of 36-inch material are required.

The slip pattern, No. 1514, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure, is made with a straight upper edge and shoulder straps. For the 36-inch size 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material are required.

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BROKEN WATERS

By Frank L. Packard

Pictures by
FREDERIC DORR STEEL

Anne backed to the door and, with her free hand, removed the key from the lock.

WHO'S WHO
in the Fifth Installment

JOHN CRANE, *a wealthy planter of Talimi, in the South Seas. While in France, he receives a visitor with a letter from an old friend. The letter begs him to take charge of a fortune in Russian jewels, menaced by Soviet agents. He agrees and gives the visitor a written inventory, to identify whoever claims the jewels. He then returns to Talimi, to await a visit from*

DONALD LANE *of New York, his nephew. At Suva Lane meets and falls in love with*

ANNE WALTON, *beautiful daughter of*

HENRY WALTON, *a Talimi planter, hated by Crane. The Waltons are going to Talimi. Anne is shocked to hear her father plotting with another to obtain the jewels by stealing the inventory from a messenger coming to claim them. She overturns a table bearing a checkered cap. Her father hears, catches her, and by threatening Lane's life, makes her promise to say nothing of what she heard.*

Overwhelmed with shame, Anne rebuffs Lane, whose love she reciprocates, when all meet on the Talimi boat. On the boat is

MONSIEUR FARADEAU, *whom Anne judges to be the messenger. Although bound to secrecy, she resolves to warn him in general terms, and seeks his cabin at night for the purpose.*

A Serial of Romance in a Tropic Setting of Bright Sun and Sparkling Seas—Adventure, Mystery, and a Struggle for a Fortune in Jewels

CHAPTER X.—*(Continued)*

ANNE knocked softly. There was no answer. She knocked again, a little louder, more insistently—and this time with success.

"Who is there?" a voice demanded.

"Open the door, Monsieur Faradeau," Anne said quickly. "I must speak to you; and—and please hurry!"

She heard a smothered exclamation, and the door opened. She stepped hastily inside and closed the door behind her.

"*Mon Dieu!*" gasped Monsieur Faradeau. "It is you, Mademoiselle Walton, is it not?"

"Yes," said Anne. She fought for control of her voice. "It—it is a little unconventional, isn't it? But you and the paper you carry are in danger."

"Paper! Danger!" Monsieur Faradeau echoed in a helpless tone of voice. "This is very strange! I know of no paper, mademoiselle."

The reply for a moment staggered Anne—but only for a moment. Naturally, the last thing Monsieur Faradeau would do would be to admit the possession of that paper to anybody, unless he were convinced that his possession of it was so intimately known that denial was useless.

"The paper I refer to," said Anne quietly, "is the one you are taking to Mr. John Crane at Talimi, and it is in connection with a package of Russian jewels that is worth a very great sum of money."

"Mademoiselle," said Monsieur Faradeau blankly, "are you mad? No; it is that you are perhaps not well! You are ill, mademoiselle?"

"No," Anne answered; "I am neither mad nor ill. Why do you act like this? I cannot tell you how I came to know that you have the paper, nor may I tell you the source of your danger; but I have come here at great risk to warn you. Surely you can appreciate that as a proof of my sincerity."

"Mademoiselle," said Monsieur Faradeau, gravely, "I appreciate so well the consequences to yourself if you were known to have been here that I beg of you for your own sake to go back at once to your room. I do not know anything about any paper or package."

Had she made a mistake? A cold feeling of disaster settled upon Anne. The man's manner, his voice, what he said, all seemed horribly convincing; and yet, somehow, she

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Falling Hair Stopped – New Hair Grown In 30 Days – *Or No Cost!*

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

could not still believe that she was wrong.

"I wanted to get you to ask Captain Croon to put it in his safe," she burst out, desperately. "Do you think I am trying to play some game to get the paper away from you? Can't you understand that I am only trying to save you—and it?"

"But, mademoiselle"—Monsieur Faradeau's voice came patiently through the darkness—"I have already explained that I know nothing of what you are talking about. Mademoiselle, again I beg of you to return to your room."

If she could only see his face! His voice was sincere and genuine enough, but it was not always so easy to disguise one's features. If she could see his face suddenly—take him by surprise!

The electric light switch in her cabin was at the side of the door; it was probably in the same position here—just where she was standing. She felt out with her hand. Yes; here it was! There was a faint "click"—and the cabin was flooded with light.

Monsieur Faradeau blinked his eyes, and then shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Really, mademoiselle," he expostulated, "you place me in a—a very embarrassing position. A scene here would be—how shall I say it?—so very compromising for mademoiselle's good name. Please go at once, mademoiselle!"

She was beaten. She half turned to open the door—and stood suddenly motionless. For a moment she was dazed, incredulous, bewildered—then she faced Monsieur Faradeau again, a queer and ominous little smile upon her lips.

Hanging from a hook above the settee was the same checkered cap she had picked up from the floor of the bungalow the night before when she had knocked the table over.

CHAPTER XI.

MONSIEUR FARADEAU was staring into the muzzle of a revolver.

"You—you *almost* won, didn't you?" said Anne, with a strange little catch in her voice. "But the role of Monsieur Faradeau is at an end. Instead of being the man I was trying to warn, you are the man I overheard plotting your miserable business with my father in the bungalow last night."

"Mad—yes!" murmured Monsieur Faradeau helplessly. "That is it! She is mad!"

Anne pointed to the cap hanging above the settee.

"You perhaps do not remember that you had placed that cap on the table in the hall of the bungalow; but you will remember that I knocked the table over, since

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

that is how my father discovered my presence there."

The man's face had changed color slightly.

"I picked the cap up from the floor and replaced it on the table," said Anne in a dead voice.

The man's eyes went to the cap, roved from there around the room, fixed finally upon Anne—and into them came a catlike gleam as he appeared to measure the distance between them.

Anne's lips curled grimly.

"Don't try it!" she advised. "If you move an inch toward me I will fire."

"What do you want?" Monsieur Faradeau demanded hoarsely.

"I want to know where that paper is and who the man is that has got it."

Monsieur Faradeau glanced at her sullenly, but made no reply.

"I am going," said Anne, "to put an end to this miserable business. Is that quite clear? You may refuse to answer and force me to shoot, but that would just as effectively put a stop to this abominable affair. My father could not afford to appear in it personally—he would not dare present that paper in person to John Crane. Well?"

MONSIEUR FARADEAU'S eyes met Anne's, held for an instant, and dropped. His face had suddenly gone white.

"By God, I—I believe you would!" he muttered. "We—we ought to have finished you last night!"

"Who is the man, and where is the paper?" repeated Anne monotonously.

Monsieur Faradeau stood for a moment with twitching lips and then suddenly he began to laugh a little raucously.

"Oh, all right—you she-cat!" he snarled. "Seeing it won't do you any good anyhow! The man is your very dear friend Donald Lane, and the paper is in Donald Lane's pocketbook."

For the fraction of a second the revolver in Anne's hand wavered and the cabin seemed to whirl around her.

"Donald Lane!" Her voice was low, shaken, unsteady. "How—how did he get it? Why has he got it?"

Monsieur Faradeau shrugged his shoulders.

"That's a question you'd better ask your father," he sneered; "he——"

"I will!" Anne interrupted, a sudden thrill in her voice. "I will—after I have got the paper!"

Monsieur Faradeau was obviously startled. His jaw sagged a little.

"You—you *what!*" he gasped—and took a step toward her.

"Don't move!" Anne ordered sharply. "I've even more incentive to shoot you now than I had before!"

Monsieur Faradeau drew up with a jerk.

Anne backed to the door and, with her free hand, removed the key from the lock; then, opening the door, she inserted the key on the other side. There was no more to be gained here. It was the paper now! At any cost she must have it. She couldn't go to Donald Lane as she had come to this man—but there was another way—a better way. A plan had come in a flash.

Her eyes were on Monsieur Faradeau. He was edging forward again. Anne smiled coldly—and on the instant fired at the floor. And then, with the roar of the shot echoing through the ship, she sprang across the threshold, slammed the door with a terrific crash, turned the key in the lock, and darted toward the cross alleyway, firing again and again as she ran. The next instant she was through the doorway and was running along the lower deck toward the stern. From within she could hear a sudden sound of commotion—doors opening, voices raised in bewildered excitement.

"Miss Walton—— Anne," he said, a strange hoarseness in his voice. "What is the matter?"

SHE gained the after entrance to the alleyway and cautiously looked in. The occupants of the cabins were emerging from their various doorways and were scurrying toward the forward end of the ship. She saw her father dash hurriedly from his room; she saw that Donald Lane's door was already open, and that he had left his light burning.

She entered the alleyway. No one paid any attention to her. Two men that she saw coming behind her she allowed to pass—and then she slipped quickly into Donald Lane's cabin and closed the door.

She worked with frantic haste now. The pocketbook! It would probably be in his coat or vest. There were several suits hanging on the cabin wall. Swiftly she thrust her hand into, it seemed, a hundred pockets before she found the right one; and then with trembling fingers she began to search through the pocketbook itself. Suddenly she gave a little cry of triumph, thrust the pocketbook back into the pocket where she had found it, and rushed out of the cabin and into her own room three doors beyond. The paper was in her possession.

Her face was flushed, her breath coming in quick, painful little gasps.

She switched on the light.

Her father would be here in a moment—as soon as his accomplice, the so-called Monsieur Faradeau, had been able to tell him what had happened. She expected that—that was what she was waiting for now. Her father must *see* the paper. Then she would tear it up, destroy it before his eyes—and—and accept the consequences.

It would be better, safer, for whoever was to redeem the package that he should go back to Paris empty-handed. Eventually those to whom it belonged would get it—but her father and his accomplice, when that time came, would no longer be a menace.

Her door opened and closed suddenly.

HER father faced her—his back against the door.

She saw his eyes behind their amber-colored glasses fix first on the paper, and then on the revolver which she held in the other hand.

His lips parted in a cool smile.

"I see, my dear Anne," he said suavely, "that you have got it."

"Yes," she said steadily; "I have got it. And I want you to be quite *sure* that I've got it." She held up the slip of paper, unfolded—but well out of his reach. "Are you satisfied that this is it?"

"Oh, quite!" said Henry Walton. "And now that you've got it, would it be too much to ask what you propose to do with it?"

"I am going to destroy it," Anne answered in a level voice; "here, now, in front of you!"

"Really!" Henry Walton shook his head tolerantly. "How impetuous you are, Anne!"

Anne smiled—and suddenly bringing her two hands together, while she still pointed the revolver at her father, she tore the slip of paper in two. Mechanically she had retreated a pace, expecting some effort on his part to interfere. He made none. She tore the slip across once more; and then, quickly, almost frantically, reduced the paper to little shreds.

"I would suggest the porthole as a final depository," said Henry Walton casually.

Anne stared at him. Her face paled a little. His attitude of utter nonchalance brought her a sudden and disturbing sense of dismay. And then her lips tightened. She stepped quickly backward across the cabin and let the pieces

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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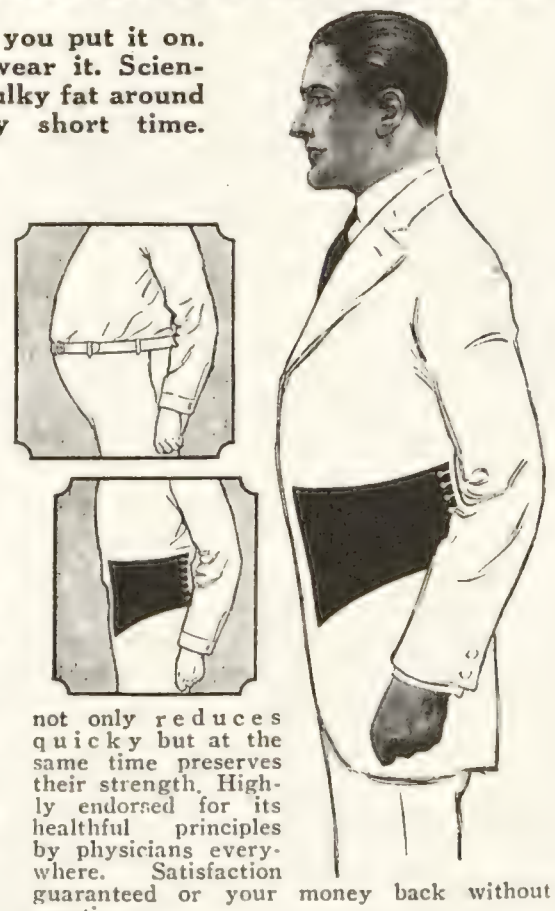

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

flutter out from her hand through the open porthole.

Henry Walton nodded approvingly.

"Under the circumstances," he drawled, "I should have destroyed it myself if you had not so obligingly done it for me. It would have been a little awkward, once it was stolen, to account for the reappearance of that paper."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, tensely.

Henry Walton shrugged his shoulders; his cool smile broadened.

"My dear Anne," he said, apologetically, "I am afraid that the details of the little story I told you last night were not wholly accurate in some instances. The original possessor of that paper—er—disappeared some time ago, and—er—his place was taken by my friend Monsieur Faradeau, who has just been honored with a call from you at—really, Anne!—a rather unseasonable hour for young ladies to be about. Monsieur Faradeau and myself are quite alone in this little matter."

"Alone!" she said in a low voice. "Yes, I can see that; you—you got rid of the man who originally carried the paper. But—Donald! I—don't understand. Donald had the paper."

"MY dear," said Henry Walton softly, "you will learn—if you live long enough—that it is always prudent to have something in reserve against the unexpected which so often arises. One never knows. Something *might* happen to that paper. I even suspected that *you* might attempt something.

"The rest is rather obvious. At my suggestion Monsieur Faradeau went to Donald Lane and told him the story with all its fears and hopes, just as I imagine the—er—the one who originally started out from Paris might have told it, and Mr. Lane very kindly consented to take charge of the document until Talimi was reached.

"Monsieur Faradeau's fears *were* realized—but you will appreciate the result, Anne! Monsieur Faradeau and Mr. Lane will consult with each other as to what is best to be done. Their conclusion is apparent. They will say nothing on board here about the theft. At Talimi Mr. Lane will introduce Monsieur Faradeau to his uncle, explain the circumstances, vouch for Monsieur Faradeau, and vouch for the fact that the paper was in John Crane's handwriting; John Crane will hand over the package to Monsieur Faradeau, and they will all wait for the thug to show his hand with the stolen paper—and wonder why he doesn't.

"You can quite understand, therefore, the—er—lack of neces-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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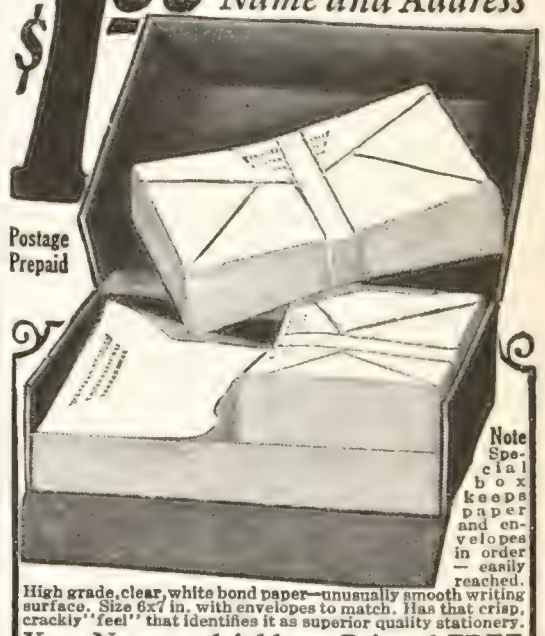

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

sity of that paper coming to light again.

"And since I am sure, Anne, that you will not violate your pledge, you will not say anything about it, either."

Mr. Walton paused, searched for his cigarette case, opened it, and carefully selected a cigarette.

"Will you permit me, Anne?" he murmured softly.

Anne's shoulders had drooped a little; the revolver hung listlessly in her hand. Dismal, utter failure stared her in the face. She had not only accomplished nothing, she had made matters worse—made success now, apparently, an impossibility. She wanted to fling herself down on the bunk there, and bury her face in the pillow.

She made no reply.

"Thank you so much!" Henry Walton murmured again in the same soft tones. "I think I said last night that, knowing you would keep strictly within the limits of your pledge, any little personal role you attempted to play would inject a very welcome touch of amusement into the affair! But I mustn't keep you up. You must be very tired, my dear. Good night, Anne!"

The door opened and closed behind him.

For a time Anne did not move; then suddenly the drooping shoulders lifted, and she stood erect, her head thrown back, her white face set, her eyes shining, tearless.

"I'm not beaten!" she whispered passionately. "I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!"

CHAPTER XII.

FROM her cabin porthole Anne could see a fringe of palms against the skyline, a little row of white houses peeping through heavy green foliage, and a long white stretch of beach that glistened in the sunlight. It was Kaliti, a little island that she knew very well, for it was hardly more than twenty miles from Talimi itself.

It was almost five o'clock in the afternoon now. The Alola would stay here perhaps an hour to unload whatever freight she had for the little place, and then go on to Talimi. Talimi would be reached somewhere about half past nine that evening—after dark.

Anne's face was very grave, and tears were not far from her eyes. It seemed a miserable thing she was about to do—a sort of betrayal—to make use of a man's love—to play a siren's part! But there was no other way. She must go on.

From the moment her father had left the stateroom after she had torn up the paper, she had been faced with one final desperate chance; there was only one, and it was a very obvious one—the package itself! To get the package itself! Given the opportunity to get into John Crane's house, she was almost certain she could find it.

In those old girlhood days, so long ago now, she had known the house as intimately as she knew her own. There had been no safe in the house then; and she was quite sure none had been installed since. She would have heard of i otherwise. That was the kind of thing the natives would chatter about.

The memory of the "doll's house" had come back to her with startling significance—that panel in the living room wall that used to open and shut so mysteriously until the day that, watching very closely, she had seen John Crane press on a certain spot under the mantel, and, clapping her hands in delight, she, too, had made the panel slide back—a little to his consternation.

SHE was sure the package was in the "doll's house"—sure as one is sometimes sure of things without having any concrete reason for being sure.

But the belief that she knew where the package was, and the resolve to get it before it came into the possession of her father and his confederate in crime, were quite other matters from determining how her purpose could be accomplished. The Alola would be at Talimi that evening. The moment they landed, the man who called himself Faradeau, accompanied by Donald, would go to John Crane; Donald would vouch for the other, and John Crane would deliver the package to Monsieur Faradeau. That was exactly what would happen unless it could be prevented.

The most obvious move she could make would be to get to the house *first*—and she believed she knew how she could get away from the Alola, not only unseen but before anybody else did. But she did not dare depend on that alone. Even if she were successful in reaching John Crane's house first, she would have only a very few minutes before the others arrived. The package might not be in the "doll's house" at all, and those few minutes would be utterly worthless to her.

She must in some way make it absolutely certain that, if she failed here, she would still be left with an opportunity to search for the package before it was removed or handed over to her father's accomplice.

It was this phase of the problem that had tortured her brain for hours. And then the answer had come. Without that paper and without Donald Lane to vouch for him, Monsieur Faradeau would certainly not get the package, or even attempt to get it, from John Crane. If Donald, then, could be marooned, as her father had led her to believe someone else was to be marooned, and for essentially the same purpose, it would give her, in the sense of time at least, the opportunity she would require if her first attempt were a failure. It would give her the *night*.

THE steam winch clattered noisily. She heard the rattle of the chain as the anchor went overside. Her brows drew together. She must hurry! The gangway would be down in a minute. She reached quickly into the recesses of a handbag and took out a letter she had written that morning.

She glanced at the envelope a little askance. It was addressed to "Donald Lane, Esq." Her lips firmed. She thrust the letter hurriedly into the bodice of her dress, made her way quickly on deck, and, crossing to the rail, stood leaning over, apparently engrossed now in no other thing in the world than the natives with their boats and outrigger canoes who swarmed around the ship's side below.

Her heart was beating wildly.

Up forward, under the bridge, Donald Lane was chatting with a little group of passengers. She saw him leave his companions and start hurriedly in her direction.

Another moment and he was standing beside her. Her knees seemed suddenly to be miserably weak—her hands tightened on the rail. She forced herself to look up, smilingly.

"Mr. Lane!" she exclaimed, pleasantly.

"Miss Walton—Anne," he said, as though she had not spoken, a strange hoarseness in his voice. "What is the matter?"

"Matter?" She was still smiling as she echoed the word inquiringly. "*Is* there anything the matter, Mr. Lane?"

"There is all the matter in the world!" he answered, as he leaned earnestly toward her. "Yesterday I—I did not understand at all. I was to go for you to the bungalow. And on board here you have studiously avoided me!"

"I—I'm sorry," said Anne, "if I have made you feel that I was avoiding you; but"—one hand left the rail, and, hidden at her side, clenched until the nails, biting at the flesh, gave her physical hurt—"but, at least, I am not avoiding you now, am I? I was just going ashore for a little while; we'll be here an hour or more, you know. Would you care to come?"

"Oh, may I?" he cried, eagerly.

"Of course!" said Anne, and led the way to the gangway.

If ever a man's love was tested to the uttermost, that test came to Donald when he discovered Anne in a tragic situation. Just what this ordeal was you'll learn in next week's installment.

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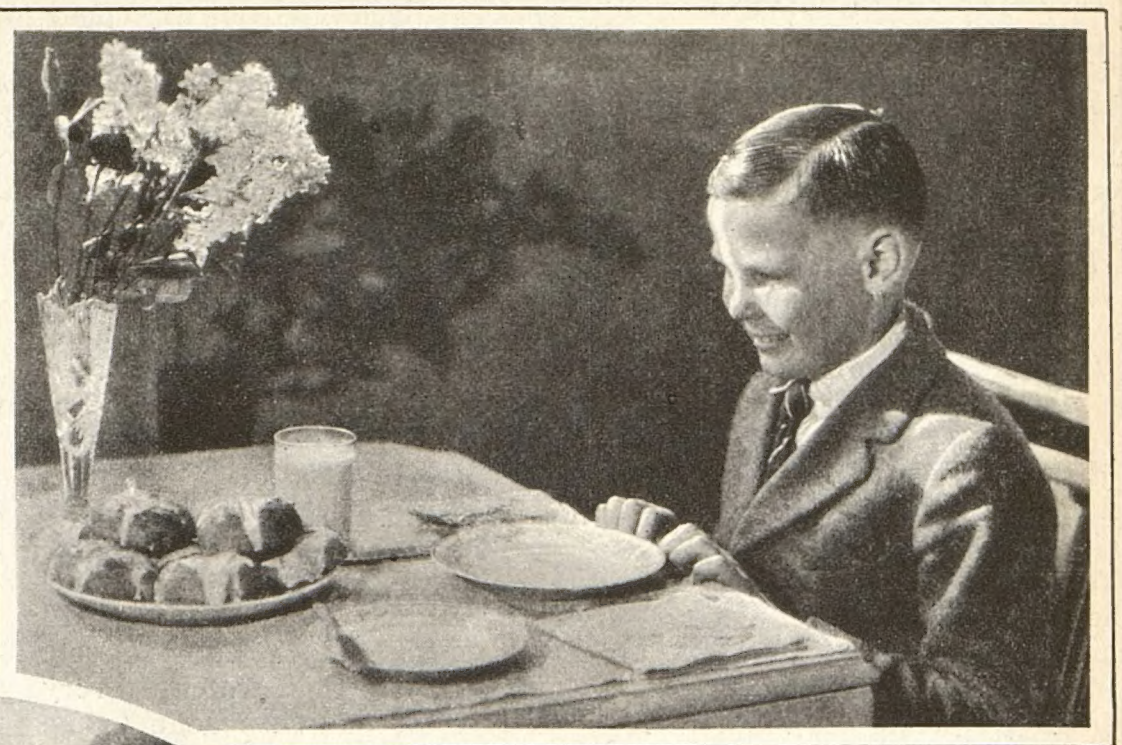
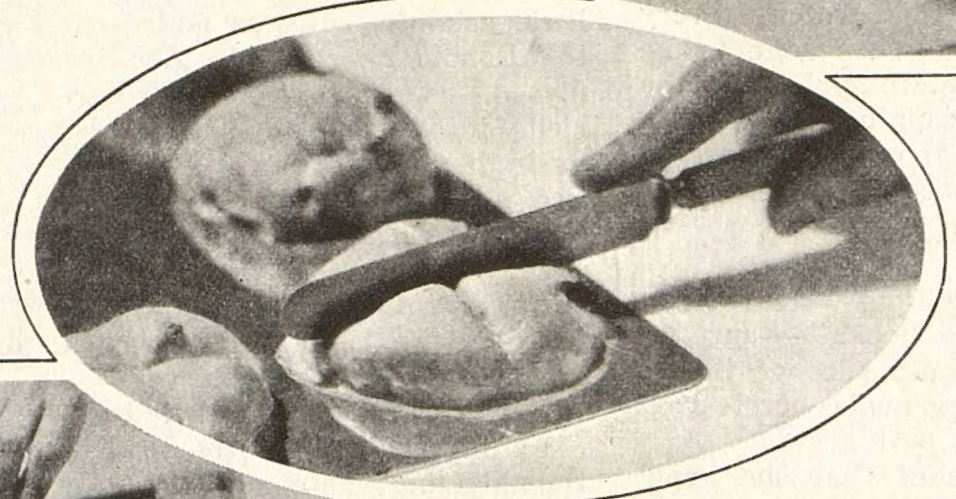
Bring On *The* Hot Cross Buns!

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

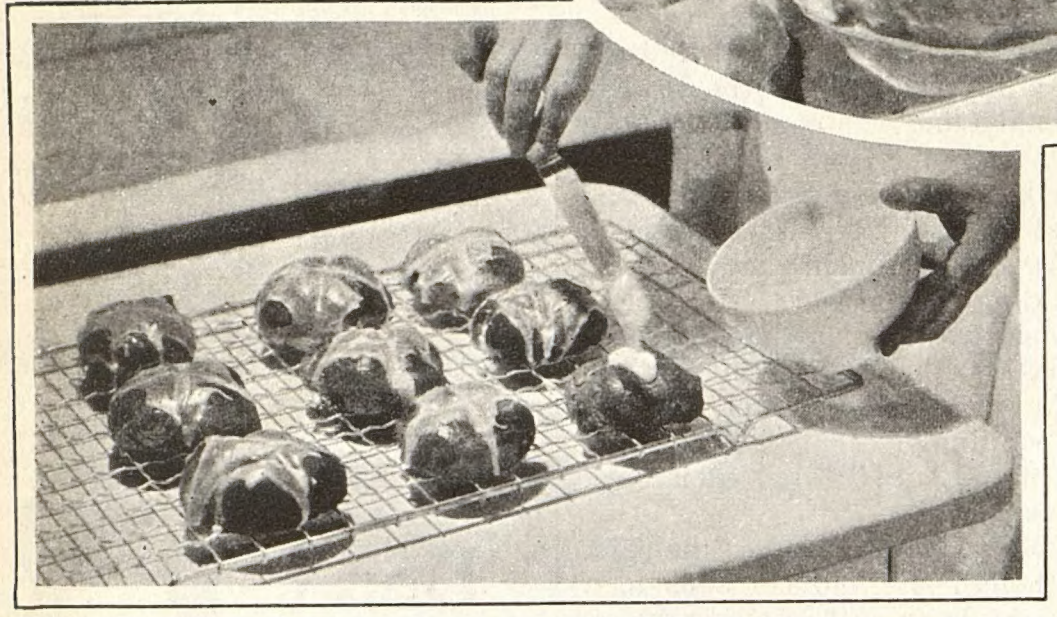
Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.



Hot cross buns—oh, boy!



Marking the cross on the risen buns.



Frosting the hot buns with icing.

ANY sweet-roll dough may be spiced and transformed into hot cross buns by marking the risen buns criss-cross and by further sweetening them either with a sprinkling of sugar when the buns are partially baked, or by frosting them as they are removed from the oven.

The possibilities of delighting the family with the use of a sweet-roll dough are not confined to the annual celebration of Good Friday.

Hot Cross Buns (To make one dozen buns)

1 cup milk
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup butter
⅔ teaspoon salt
½ to 2 ounces yeast (use the smaller quantity for an overnight process)
3 cups + flour
1 egg
½ teaspoon cinnamon, or
½ lemon rind, grated
¼ cup currants
¼ cup raisins

SCALD the milk. Pour it into a bowl and add the sugar and fat. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and the fat is melted. Mix the yeast with one-fourth cup of lukewarm water. When the first mixture is cooled to lukewarm add the yeast mixture. Beat in one-half of the flour, beating vigorously to develop the gluten. Set aside in a warm place until the mixture is very porous and frothy. Add the beaten egg, salt, and flavoring, to this sponge. Then add the cooled fruit, which has been previously plumped by bringing to a boil in one-fourth cup of water. Beat in the remaining flour and knead the dough until soft and elastic. Place in a covered, buttered bowl in a warm place to rise. Let rise until doubled in bulk and shape into balls one-third the size desired for the finished product. Place these some distance apart on a buttered tin. Allow the buns to rise until more than doubled in bulk. Mark criss-cross so as to produce a hot cross bun effect. Let rise again until thoroughly light (buns are always eaten when fresh and, therefore, can scarcely get too light). Bake in a fairly hot oven (425° F.) for five minutes, reduce to 375° F., and continue to bake for ten minutes longer. When the buns are nearly done, brush them with milk or egg white, sprinkle with sugar and return to the oven for a few minutes. They may also be frosted while hot with the following icing:

Powdered Sugar Icing

1 egg white
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup of confectioner's sugar
1/16 teaspoon salt

PUT the unbeaten egg white into a bowl. Beat in the remaining ingredients until the mixture is smooth and creamy. Cover with a wet cloth until ready for use. Drop onto the hot buns and let it run as it will.

Coffee Cake

1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
¼ to ½ cup sugar
¼ cup fat
1 egg
½ to 1 yeast cake
¼ cup milk or water
½ cup raisins, plumped
3 cups + flour

USE the sponge method of mixing, as for hot cross buns, and when the dough has risen, roll out to one-half inch thickness. Place in a buttered pan. Brush the top with melted butter. Sprinkle with a sugar and cinnamon mixture made by mixing one-half cup sugar and one-half tablespoon cinnamon. Let rise until the dough has more than doubled in bulk. Bake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven (375° F.).

Sweet-Roll Dough

1 cup hot milk
⅔ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons to ¼ cup sugar
2 to 5 tablespoons fat
¼ to 1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
1 egg
3 cups + flour

USE the sponge method of mixing, as for hot cross buns, and when the dough has risen, use for any of the following:

Parker House Rolls (1½ dozen)—Roll out to one-half inch thickness. Cut into rounds with a biscuit cutter. Brush each round with melted butter, crease through the center with the dull edge of a knife blade, fold over the dough and press the edges together. Place in a buttered pan one inch apart and let rise until fully doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for twenty minutes. The crust may be glazed with a mixture of one-fourth cup milk and two tablespoons sugar a few minutes before removing the rolls from the oven.

Cinnamon Buns (1½ dozen)—Roll the risen dough to one-half inch thickness and spread with the following mixture:

½ cup butter, melted
1 cup currants or raisins
2 tablespoons cinnamon
1 cup brown sugar

Roll up the dough as for jelly roll. Cut into slices one inch thick and place the cut end down on a well-greased tin, packing the rolls close together to prevent the sirup from cooking out. Let rise until very light. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for twenty-five to thirty minutes. The rolls should be kept moist by basting with one teaspoon of a sugar and milk mixture (one part sugar and two parts milk) ten minutes after putting the rolls in the oven.

Rusks (1½ dozen)—Cut the risen dough into balls the size of a large egg. Shape into smooth rolls and place in a buttered pan, close together. Let rise until very light, brush the tops with beaten egg white, sprinkle with one-third cup sugar mixed with one teaspoon cinnamon. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven (375° F.)

Finger Rolls (1½ dozen)—Roll the risen dough to a long roll and cut into eighteen pieces. Shape each roll by rolling to a long, narrow roll, four or five inches long. Place these close together in a buttered pan. Brush the tops with melted butter. Let rise until fully doubled and bake in a fairly hot oven (425° F.) for fifteen minutes.

Clover Leaf Rolls (1½ dozen)—Shape the risen dough into tiny rolls about the size of a walnut and place three of these together in each cup of a greased muffin tin. Let rise until fully doubled. Bake in a fairly hot oven (425° F.) for fifteen minutes.

Dinner Rolls (2 dozen)—Shape the risen dough into balls the size of an egg. Place far apart on a greased pan. When light, crease through the center with the dull edge of a knife. Glaze with egg white and bake in a fairly hot oven (425° F.) for fifteen to twenty minutes.

Crescent Rolls (1½ dozen)—Prepare the dough slightly stiffer by omitting the egg and adding more flour. When risen, cut the dough into triangles. Roll each triangle to a five-inch long roll, beginning at the base. Bring the ends together to form a crescent. Place on greased pan. Let rise until double. Bake ten minutes in hot oven (425° F.). Remove and brush with a mixture of egg yolk and milk. Sprinkle with poppy seed if desired. Brown in hot oven (425° F.) for five minutes longer.

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Guests arriving at a supper dance, given for a New York debutante, at New York's most fashionable restaurant on Park Avenue.

Investigation shows that among New York's one hundred and sixty debutantes of the season, Woodbury's Facial Soap is more than three times as popular as any other soap.

One Hundred and Two *New York* and *Boston* Debutantes *tell why they use Woodbury's Facial Soap*

IN the social registers of the big New York newspapers one hundred and sixty debutantes were listed this season—a list unusually large, for the number of young girls presented in a season to what is authentically known as "society" in New York rarely mounts to more than a hundred. In Boston the list came to ninety-eight.

We wanted to know how these young society girls take care of their skin. What toilet soap do they use? Why do they choose it? And what are the qualities in a soap that especially appeal to them?

224 girls answer the questions

To learn the answers to these questions we submitted them to each of the 258 girls. All but 34 replied to our inquiries.

The results were extremely interesting.

Twenty-three different brands of soap were used; but whereas 122 girls scattered their choice over 22 different kinds of soap—an average of a different soap to every 5 girls—the remaining 102 girls all used Woodbury's.

Among the New York debutantes Woodbury's was more than three times as popular as any other soap. Among the Boston debutantes Woodbury's was nearly five times as popular as any other soap.

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A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

To free your skin from blackheads, follow the Woodbury treatment on page 4 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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